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Vol. CCV, No. 2676
MAY 26, 1951

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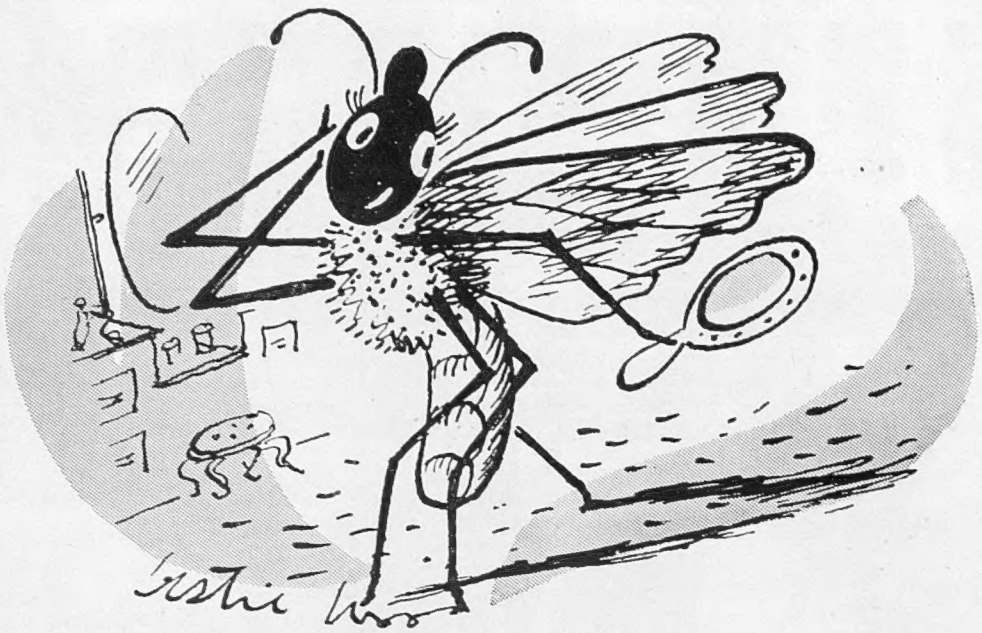

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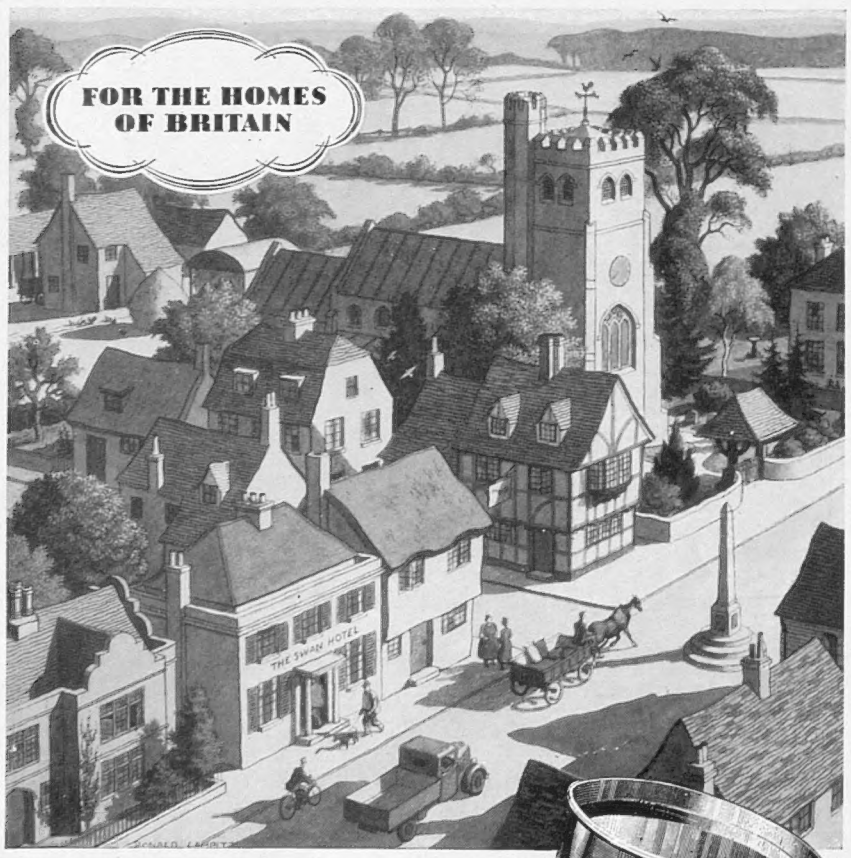

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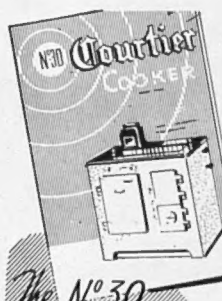

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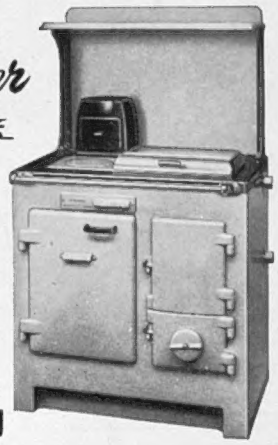

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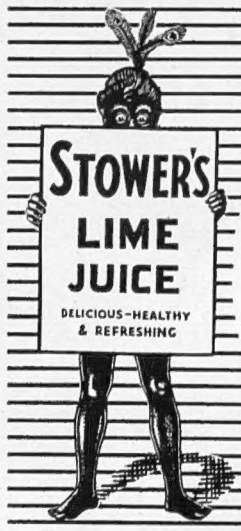

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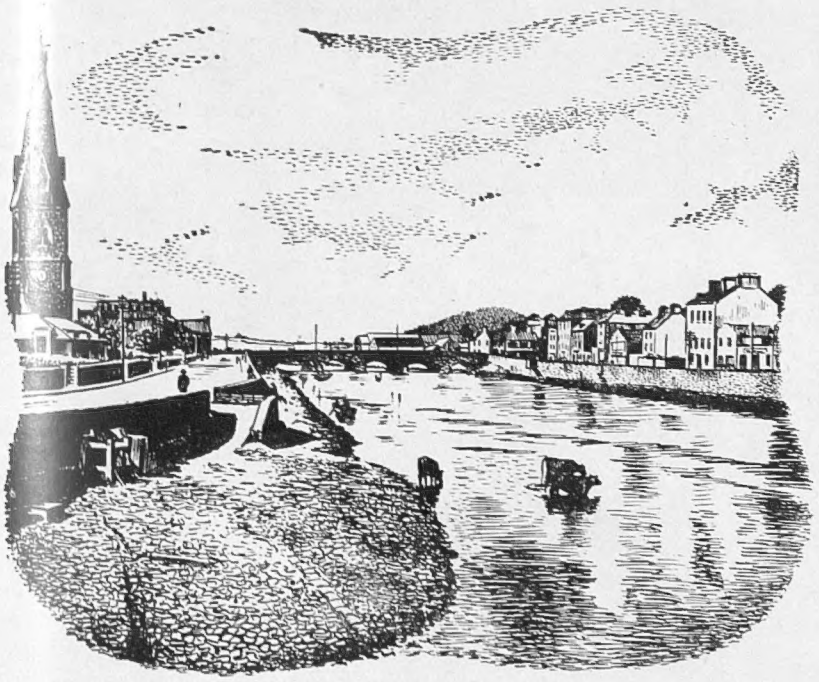

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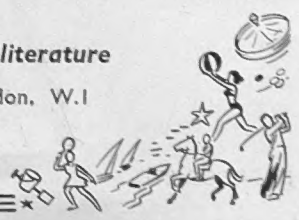

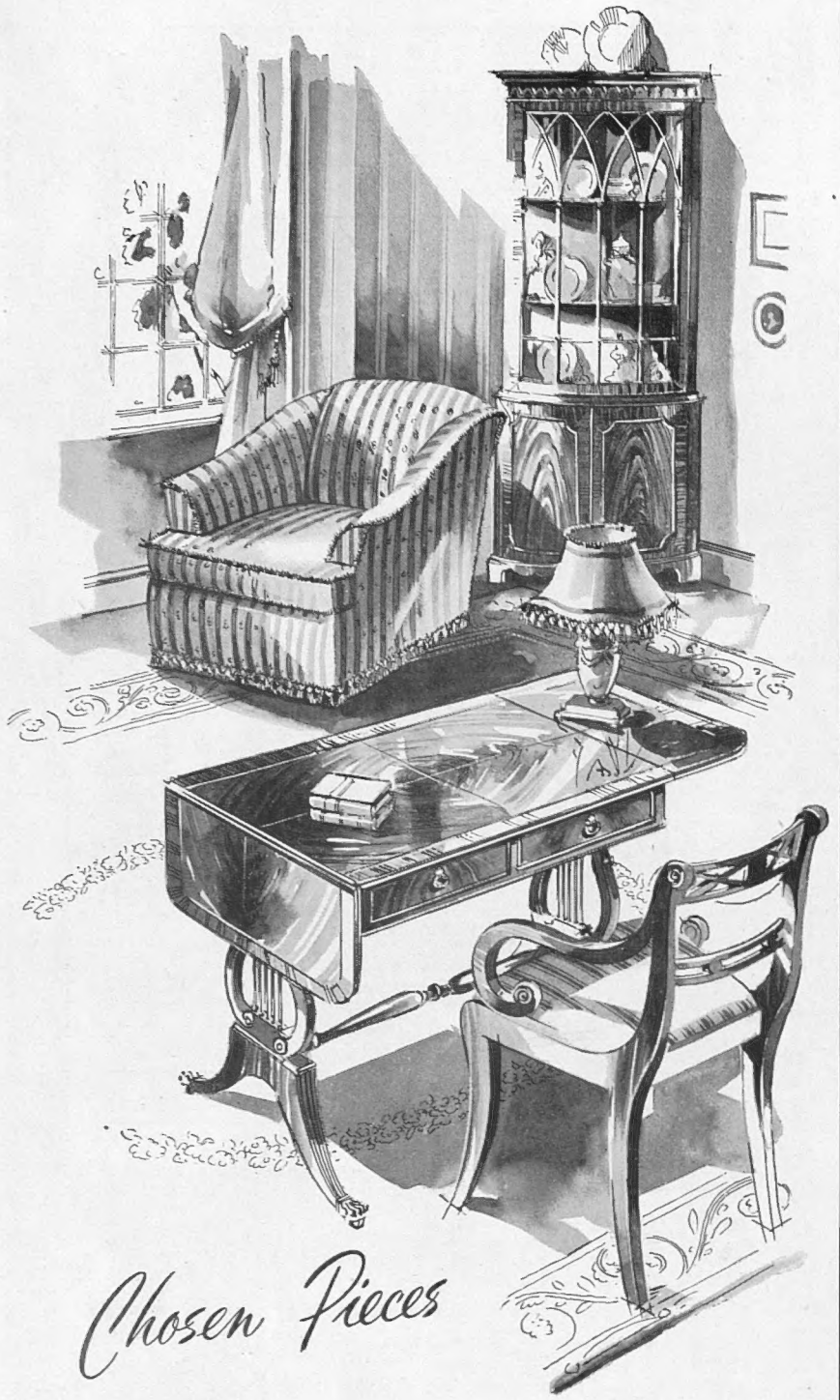

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CHANEL

Volume CCV No. 2676 The SPHERE, London, May 26, 1951

The SPHERE

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THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LONDON—AN AERIAL VIEW OF ST. PAUL'S AND THE BLITZED AREA ROUND IT, SHOWING (RIGHT CENTRE) THE GARDEN WHICH IS A SYMBOLIC CONTRIBUTION BY THE CITY TO THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: St. Paul's Garden will remain permanently a City garden and is, in fact, one of the first instalments of the replanned City of London. One of the great features of this replanning will be the ceremonial approach to St. Paul's up Ludgate Hill.

In all the fury of the blitz, St. Paul's, although ringed with bombs and badly scarred, stood triumphant amid the smoke and fire of the City, a symbol of Britain's enduring faith. In that blitz, vast areas of the commercial heart of London were laid low, providing a chance to plan anew such as has not been presented since Wren's day, when the citizens failed to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Great Fire. The formulators of the new plan are Professor Graham Holford and Dr. C. H. Holden, whose report is incorporated in a new volume, *The City of London: A Record of Destruction and Survival*, which is reviewed on page 316 of this issue. Part of that plan is the creation of a series of City gardens, the first of which can be seen in this aerial view, the beautiful St. Paul's Garden recently opened by the Lord Mayor as a Festival Year contribution. It will be a long time yet before the new City really begins to take shape, but already a compulsory purchase order has been made in relation to the area bounded by Cheapside, Bread Street, Cannon Street and St. Paul's Churchyard, and hopes of successful development now run high.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Fun-fair and Warfare.—

" Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe."

So Guy Mannering heard the gipsy's warning. In Vanity Fair, nowadays, it is always so; revels on the crater-edge, the dance of death, the last high kick, fun-fair in the shadow of warfare. So it was in 1910, so it was in the 1930's, so it is to-day. Sokolovsky has warned the Russian people to prepare for the American world war. There are units here in Britain under secret orders for (unknown) fronts. The queues at the paddle-ponds beat all expectations; lovers of quiet and old and beautiful things throng the gardens of England and the Stately Homes of the spacious days; never did this little old island look more beautiful and peaceful, while embargoes and diplomatic notes, which lead to war, are being balanced on the crater's edge . . . to fall inside or to be pushed a little farther away for a while by a belch from the cauldron. How lovely and peaceful lay this island that week-end in August 1914. How lovely the early autumn days of 1939. To what pageantry this nation had devoted all its energies and interests before the Second World War burst on us and found us ill-prepared. 1938 has been called the most fateful year of civilisation. In the May of the year before, we were all mad together, Coronation-mad. And over there Hitler was planning. What would you? The prophets of evil were hooted out of court. A Coronation is a Commonwealth-shaking event. Would you have us skimp it, crown our kings in sackcloth? The same plea is made to-day, the same cries of shame are hurled at the Doubting Thomases. This grand nation deserves its carnival. This proud race has every reason to rejoice and be glad. Remember R.L.S.'s fable: "'Sir,' said the 1st Lieutenant, bursting into the Captain's cabin, 'the ship is going down.' 'Very well, Mr. Spoker,' said the Captain; 'but that is no reason for going about half-shaved.'" And such arguments are very hard to refute, if everything possible has been done to avert disaster. I presume Mr. Attlee and Co. are as confident and cockahoop as usual. The fun-fair receipts must be warming Mr. Morrison's sanguine heart. But are the powder-kegs entirely neutralised? *Haeret ibi res.*

The Gloucesters. — General Van Fleet paid the highest tribute possible to the gallant Gloucesters and the 170th Mortar Battery for their recent stand in Korea. The words he used must make every soldier in those units proud to belong to such a regiment and battery, and every serving soldier proud to belong to such an Army. More, it must have convinced the doubters (all the world over) that there can be nothing very wrong with the British race or British youth. No sign, that day, of decadence, disillusion, physical or moral decline, indiscipline, apathy. But the Gloucesters did more that day than imitate the heroes who from time to time in the history of war have "made a new Thermopylæ." They proved that sheer courage and self-sacrifice can triumph not only over seen enemies but can rise above the fogs and miasma of jealousy and international suspicion. A few days before, in the American Senate, men heard, and perhaps believed, that the token forces of Western Powers other than America hardly counted in the war effort in Korea. General Van Fleet, the man on the spot, adjusted that view; in the field there is no half-truth and half-measure, or jealous playing-down. Sheer heroism is recognised for what it is and acclaimed without reservation. Quality tells.

The Parallel or Death Line.

—The U.N. forces are once more back behind the Parallel, once more its forces have been overrun, encircled and sometimes extricated. Seoul is once more in flux. In bitter irony, I wrote recently of the agony of Seoul and its refugees, its constant scenes of human misery and tragedy at the nadir. And (needless to say, perhaps) I was trounced by a correspondent for being "funny" about Seoul. I don't feel funny about Seoul or Korea. We know now that the "policy" of the Korean War is to keep it localised, not to think in terms of territorial gains, but to concentrate on killing as many Communists as possible with the minimum of sacrifice. It is said that 600,000 fighting and 350,000 civilian casualties have already been inflicted—1,000,000 liquidated one way and another against 65,000 among the U.N. forces. It is said that 1,000,000 fighting troops are still available in Korea and Manchuria. Behind them is the population of China and perhaps of Russia. Among the Chinese, and perhaps North Koreans, death in battle may be highly prized or life held in small esteem. Therefore, the ultimate object of the killing (to induce the Chinese to be more "reasonable" and to accept negotiation) may take a long time. Statistically, the killing process might not be successful for a matter not of months or years, but of decades. Meanwhile . . . it is not a very cheerful proposition. I wonder if there lives a sadist who could be "funny" about it or an optimist who can feel confidence in the issue.

A Bitter Pill. — Sir Thomas Beecham usually says what he means without fear or favour. Whether his hates are consistent or intermittent I do not know. Last week he said some hard things about the external appearance of the Festival Hall, which he described as a 350-year record in repellant, monstrous ugliness for an important public building in this grand old country. He had not seen the inside. He had a grudge against it because the L.C.C. had turned down his plan of performing the best English music of the past two centuries during the inaugural week. Accordingly, Sir Thomas hit out with his usual vehemence. It may be so. I have not seen even the outside. If this Festival Hall is indeed a record of ugliness for a public building, it must be an eyesore indeed. You pay your money (pretty big money) and you take your choice. Some prefer paddle-ponds and swing-boats, some still cleave to the surviving rural and natural beauties. Some visit old gardens, old country houses and ruins, others pay four times as much to queue-up for the latest modern peepshow. There are patrons enough even to-day for things old and new; but, as in most democracies whose future is uncertain, a big majority runs after whatever is new without much discrimination. So it was with the Athenians. The Greeks had a word for it. But Beecham's pill must be a bitter one to swallow for some of the South Bank instigators, and, if he has not exaggerated, for Londoners generally.

Guided Missile?—One of the fifty-one balloons released daily from the South Bank Exhibition dropped to earth on a Dorset farm, where lives the *cousin* of the man who launches the balloons. This item of news did not specify whether the lucky finder was a first or second or remoter cousin, but the reader is naturally *suspicious* (suspicion of our neighbour's actions being in the very air we breathe, the very air through which balloons travel). I confess I thought the worst of this incident—a case of nepotism, collusion or worse. But the possible implications go further, deeper and more menacing. It looks like a discovery in the technique of the guided missile, fraught with danger in a future war, especially if the balloon were motivated and charged with a gas even more deadly or efficient than that which we sometimes employ for light or heating. *Note.*—I have become of late so accustomed to opening letters from readers who take me, even in holiday time and in Festival Year, strictly *au pied de la lattre*, that I think it proper to announce that this paragraph is intended *humorously*. All the characters are fictional, and I have no solicitor who will accept service on my behalf of a writ for libel. An old friend of mine, also possessed of a dangerous tendency for humour (so called), having read of the preparation of an anthology of the poets of Hertfordshire, wrote that he is preparing a rival anthology of poems written in *beds*. He tells me that he has already received a number of examples of the work of bed-ridden poets, from all sorts of people, including a headmaster of a boys' school. It is dangerous to be humorous.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW BREAKS A WORLD FLYING RECORD—MADAME JACQUELINE AURIOL SEEN AT TOULOUSE AIRPORT AFTER LANDING A GLOSTER JET METEOR IN WHICH SHE ACHIEVED A SPEED OF OVER 500 M.P.H.: In doing this, Madame Auriol surpassed the speed record for a woman flyer set up four years ago by Miss Cochran. The feat was all the more remarkable in that Madame Auriol had only recently returned from the United States, where she underwent a series of operations after a serious air crash.

Hidden Treasure.—One reads the catalogues of auction sales of antiques by the famous firms which take place day after day throughout the year in London, and one wonders how much longer this drain on our resources in objects of beauty and virtue can continue; wonders whether they are in truth inexhaustible. The money value of such sales abroad has indeed continued to rise year by year, and in a dozen years since 1938 has quadrupled, the bulk going to the United States, with the Commonwealth and (oddly enough) Italy as runners-up. Let us take comfort. There is reason to believe that, at the present rate of drainage, works of art of first-rate merit are not yet leaving Britain in a dangerous outflow. There is an export licence check, and the Board of Trade uses it with reasonable care. Real gems—unique pieces—do not always get the ticket. They are bought and sold, of course, but remain in this country, merely changing hands from hard-pressed ancestral owners to investors who prefer the *privacy* of gems of art to the *publicity* of stocks and shares. A vast amount, of course, does go to America, but the bulk of it is, to the connoisseur of taste, mere Victorian junk. The wealth hidden inconspicuously in quite small country houses or (more probably) languishing unseen in bank vaults, is still unassessed and undreamed of. You will have proofs of my assertion this summer. In my own corner of England, I believe the Worthing Art Museum will display silver and other works of first-rate merit, collected from a very narrow radius, which will open the eyes of the connoisseurs.

Sussex by the Sea.—Chichester's Festival opening was pure Sussex and enchanting. Far inland, and out to sea perhaps, the Cathedral's slender fluted spire, caught in a noose of light, was seen, a radiant skylon, pin-pricking the scene of the revelries which were conducted in the essential spirit of Sussex, with good fellowship, good taste, kindliness and humour, and, because of these things, with a beauty to match the beauty of Sussex in May. I hope that Mr. Belloc may be able to see the Sussex Farrago of his *Four Men*, admirably adapted for a small stage by Lord Duncannon, and admirably spoken, mimed and sung by Robert Speaight (a man of Kent), Ian Wallace, W. E. Holloway and John Leather, with the invaluable co-operation provided by David Ponsonby's music and David Goodman's décor, and a talented corps de ballet and chorus from Chichester. If ever a man has proved himself a Sussex worthy, it is Mr. Belloc, who for so many decades released and expressed the spirit of that delectable county, in its legends, history, paths and traditions, folk lore and folk songs, adding some numbers of his own which are a part of our national heritage in literature. All of which Lord Duncannon and his co-operators beautifully and faithfully translated and reproduced for a stage production which is to tour Sussex towns and is capable of performance in barns, village clubs and more imposing buildings. And I doubt not that the B.B.C. will see to it that it does not die—this song of eternal youth heard on Duncton Hill. There is poignancy in all beautiful things and a special poignancy of grievous personal sorrow attached to this opening performance.

THE OLD STAGER

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LIBYA'S KING-DESIGNATE IN TRIPOLI

THE EMIR SAYYED IDRIS EL SENUSSI DRIVES IN STATE THROUGH THE STREETS OF HIS FUTURE CAPITAL

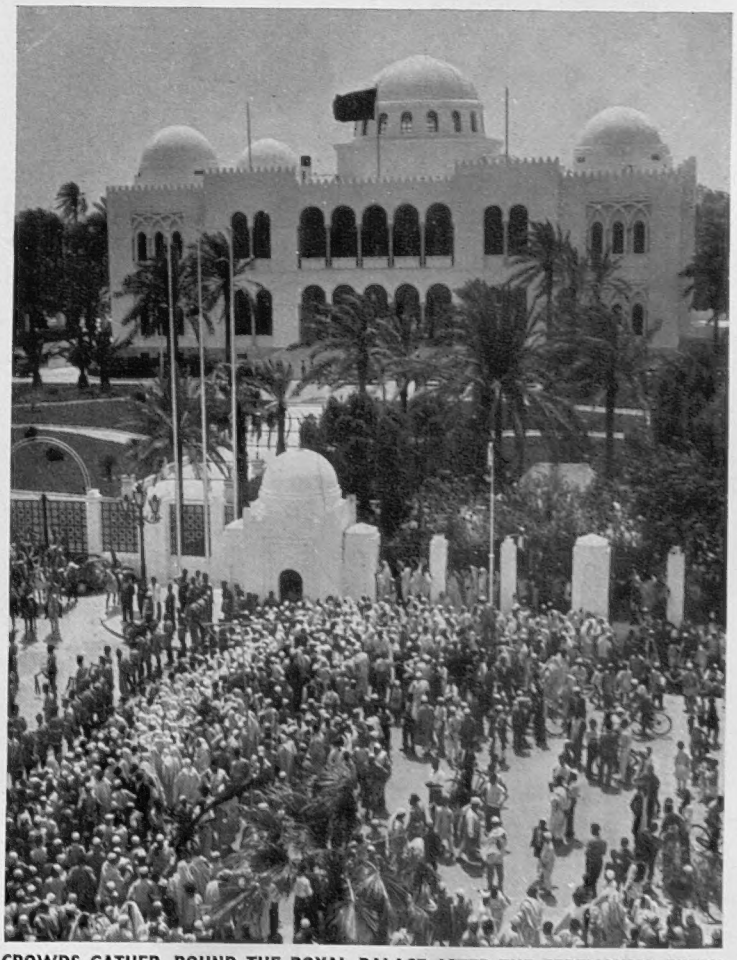
In conformity with the 1950 resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations, the three Libyan territories of Tripolitania, Cyrenaica and the Fezzan are to be unified under a single crown, and in January 1952 the Emir el Sayyed of Cyrenaica becomes the first King of Libya and starts his rule in his capital at Tripoli. There were immense crowds in Tripoli last week-end to greet the King-designate on his ceremonial entry accompanied by his Prime Minister and other members of the provisional Government. Enthusiasm for the new monarchy is apparently considerable, but it was noted, none the less, that the Emir's procession was heavily guarded and the necessity for this became obvious when two attempts were made to hurl bombs at the Emir's car. At the moment the provisional Government of Libya, consisting of three Tripolitanians, two Cyrenaicans and a Fezzani, is hard at work arranging the transference of power from the British and French administrations with a view to establishing as speedily as possible the complete independence of the new country. The Prime Minister of Federal Libya, Mahmoud Bey Muntasser, was formerly Premier of Tripolitania, and his right-hand man is a Cyrenaican

THE EMIR'S CAR PASSING THROUGH THE BEFLAGGED AND FESTOONED STREETS OF TRIPOLI WHICH ON JANUARY 1, 1952, IS TO BECOME THE FEDERAL CAPITAL OF THE FORMER ITALIAN COLONIES IN NORTH AFRICA: The Emir Sayyed Idris el Senussi, King-designate of Federal Libya, was making his first State entry. One report stated that a bomb was thrown as his car entered the city, but that it did not explode. A second bomb, which was thrown during the royal progress through the main square, injured five Arab spectators.

THE KING-DESIGNATE WITH THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE PROVISIONAL FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF LIBYA: The Emir Sayyed (centre) seen with Mahmoud Bey Muntasser (right), a Tripolitanian, who, in addition to holding the Premiership, is the Minister of Justice and also the Minister of Education.

ARAB HORSEMEN HEAD THE PROCESSION OF THE KING-DESIGNATE OF LIBYA: The riders are passing beneath a massive crown strung across the roadway in the main street of Tripoli.

MOTOR-BORNE TROOPS OF THE CYRENAICAN DEFENCE FORCE AND MOUNTED TROOPS OF THE TRIPOLITANIAN POLICE: They are seen at a moment when the big parade of the King-designate was held up owing to the tremendous congestion in the streets of the city.



CROWDS GATHER ROUND THE ROYAL PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONIAL ENTRY OF THE EMIR: The palace was once the luxurious residence of Italy's Marshal Balbo, Governor of Libya in the days of Mussolini's Empire.

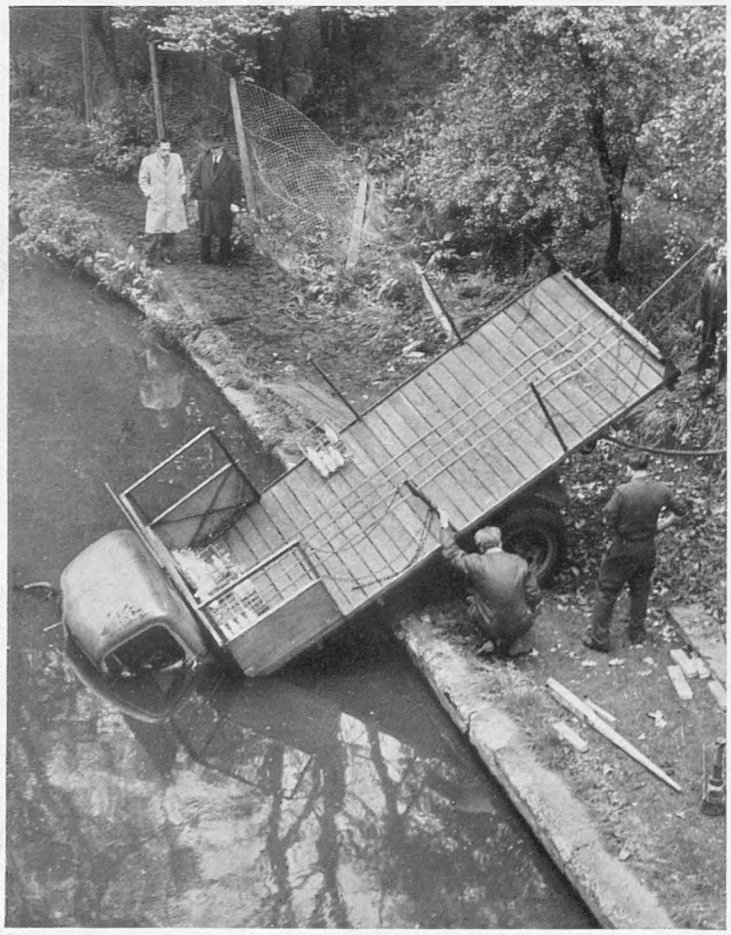
A Chapter of London Accidents

THE TREE THAT FELL ON PUTNEY HEATH; THE BARKING FIRE; AND THE MILK LORRY WHICH TOOK TO THE WATER

ALMOST A DISASTER ON PUTNEY HEATH: The conductor is seen standing beside the damaged driver's cab of the Kingston-bound bus which was pulled up in the nick of time by the driver when a great elm crashed across the Road on Putney Heath. The driver saw the tree falling and, as a result of his stepping hard on the brakes, the elm hit the cab of the bus only a glancing blow. Later the passengers gathered round the driver to congratulate him on his magnificent effort. Over an hour elapsed before the road over the heath was cleared for traffic.

THE PUTNEY HEATH ROAD BLOCK: Men engaged in removing the fallen tree which very nearly caused serious damage to a Kingston-bound bus. Temporarily traffic had to be diverted along the Portsmouth Road, but little inconvenience was caused as the diversion was only a matter of a few hundred yards.

EIGHT HOUSES INVOLVED IN A BARKING FIRE: Furniture lining the roadway in South Wold Drive, Barking, Essex, after the houses had been caught up in a sudden blaze. Well-meaning helpers were the unwitting cause of the fire spreading from one house to seven more, for when the fire broke out in the home of Mrs. Rose Peckham, passers-by and housewives burst open the doors intent on salvage and rescue. It was like opening an air flue, said an officer of the Fire Brigade, and it caused the fire to spread and to become many times as bad as it need have been. Most of the families whose homes were damaged or destroyed were at work at the time. When they returned to South Wold Drive they ran from heap to heap looking for their property, which was guarded by police. One girl asked, "Is my wedding dress all right?", and was much relieved to find that her neighbours had salvaged the greater part of her trousseau.

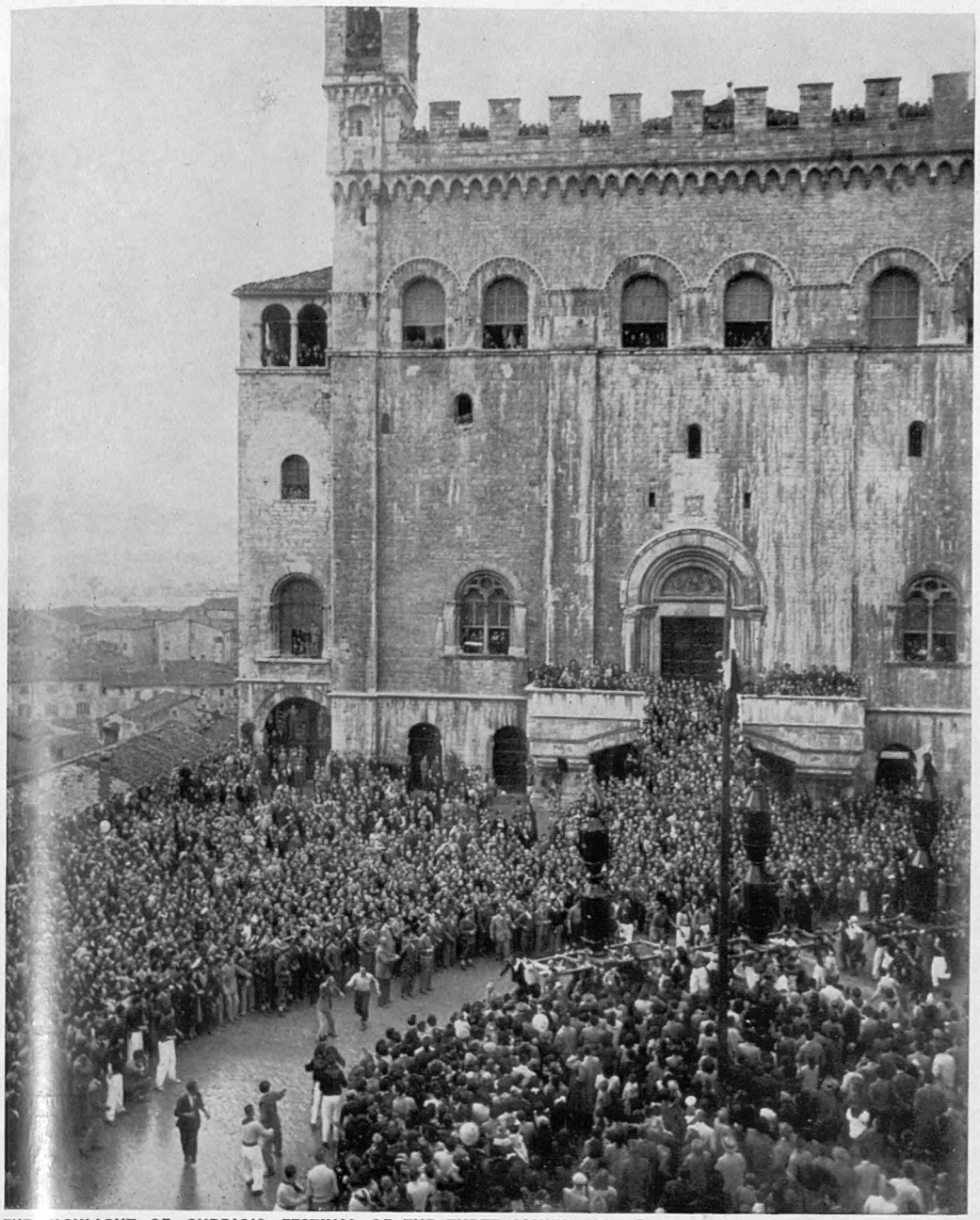


THE MILK LORRY THAT LANDED HEAD-FIRST IN THE REGENT'S CANAL: The lorry had overrun the road in Prince Albert Road, St. John's Wood, and crashed headlong down the embankment into the Canal.

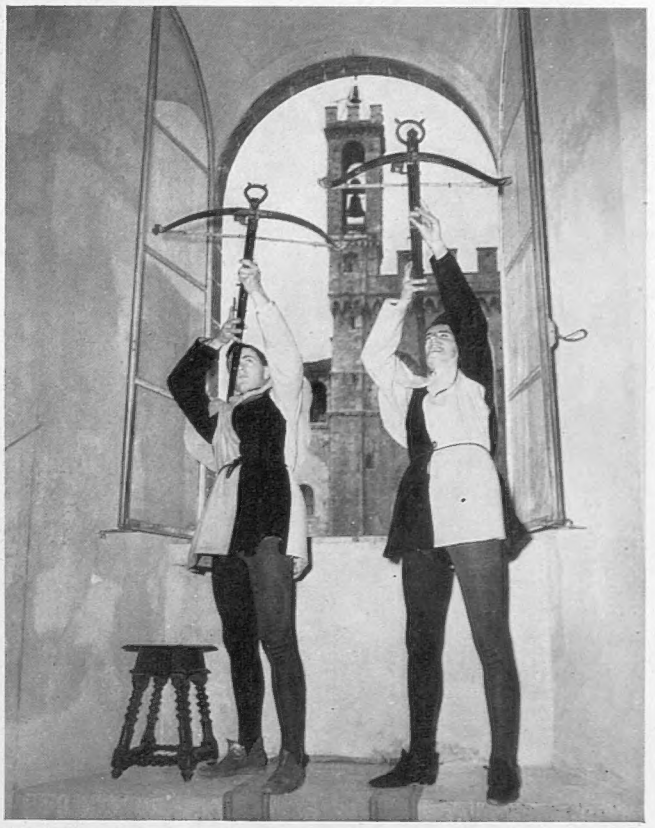
On right—**RETURN TO TERRA FIRMA:** The lorry is seen as it was being hauled back from the canal. The barge-towing horse on the towpath is having to make a detour as the lorry is obstructing progress. Meanwhile, the barge in the foreground has to await developments.

Pageantry in Gubbio, Rothenburg and Zell

TRADITIONAL CELEBRATIONS IN TOWNS IN CENTRAL ITALY, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA



THE HIGHLIGHT OF GUBBIO'S FESTIVAL OF THE THREE SAINTS : The Race of the Candles during which the massive structures are borne three times round the main square of the Italian town, urged on by the cheers of the populace. The famous race takes place every year during May.



MARKSMEN OF GUBBIO : Two contestants in one of the municipal competitions during the Festival of the Three Saints. For hundreds of years (tradition says, since 1151) the small town of Gubbio, about 20 miles north-east of Perugia, Central Italy, annually has celebrated on May 15 the Festival of its Saints, Saint Ubaldo (the Bricklayers' Protector), Saint George (the Artisans' Saint) and Saint Anthony (Protector of the Peasants), with a ceremony called "La Corsa Dei Ceri" ("The Race of the Candles"). The candles (not connected with those used for illumination) consist of 15-ft.-high wooden constructions, weighing more than 800 lb. each. Each candle is placed under a statue of one of the Saints and is carried by candle-bearers in traditional costume representing the three estates.

THEY "CONQUERED" THE TOWN, AND EVERYONE WAS HAPPY—ROTHENBURG, BAVARIA, COMMEMORATES ITS DELIVERANCE DURING THE THIRTY YEARS WAR : Against a mediæval background the "knights" ride by on their steeds, after the town had "surrendered" to them. The entry of the warriors, representing the Imperial Army, was part of the celebrations carried out to mark Rothenburg's deliverance from being plundered by the soldiers of Johann Tzerklas Graf von Tilly, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Army, during the Thirty Years War. Rothenburg stands on a height above the Tauber, 1,312 ft. above sea-level. In the background of this picture is the Siebersturn, a gate in the old wall which was built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

AN AUSTRIAN TOWN *EN FÊTE*—TRADITIONAL PAGEANTRY AT ZELL, IN THE PICTURESQUE ALPS OF TYROL : A brass band heads the pageant marking the traditional opening of the "Gauderfest" Folk Festival which dates back to the sixteenth century, and which attracts many foreign tourists every year by its mediæval customs and fêtes. Wrestling, cow- and ram-fights are some of the "Gauderfest's" most popular features, while local children match fighting cocks which they have trained for the occasion.

New Life for Lynn's Mediæval Guildhall

THE RESTORATION OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING NEARS COMPLETION IN PREPARATION FOR THE ROYAL REOPENING IN JULY

St. George's Guildhall at King's Lynn, which can be claimed to be the largest surviving mediæval building of its kind in the country since the Guildhalls of London and York were destroyed in the war, is now almost completely restored, and will be reopened by her Majesty the Queen in July. For this ceremony there has been a great demand among Americans for seats, and many have donated 100 guineas each to provide chairs in the new Guildhall. These chairs are to have the donors' names inscribed upon them, and may be occupied by them at the opening, and on each St. George's Day when a special event will be arranged.

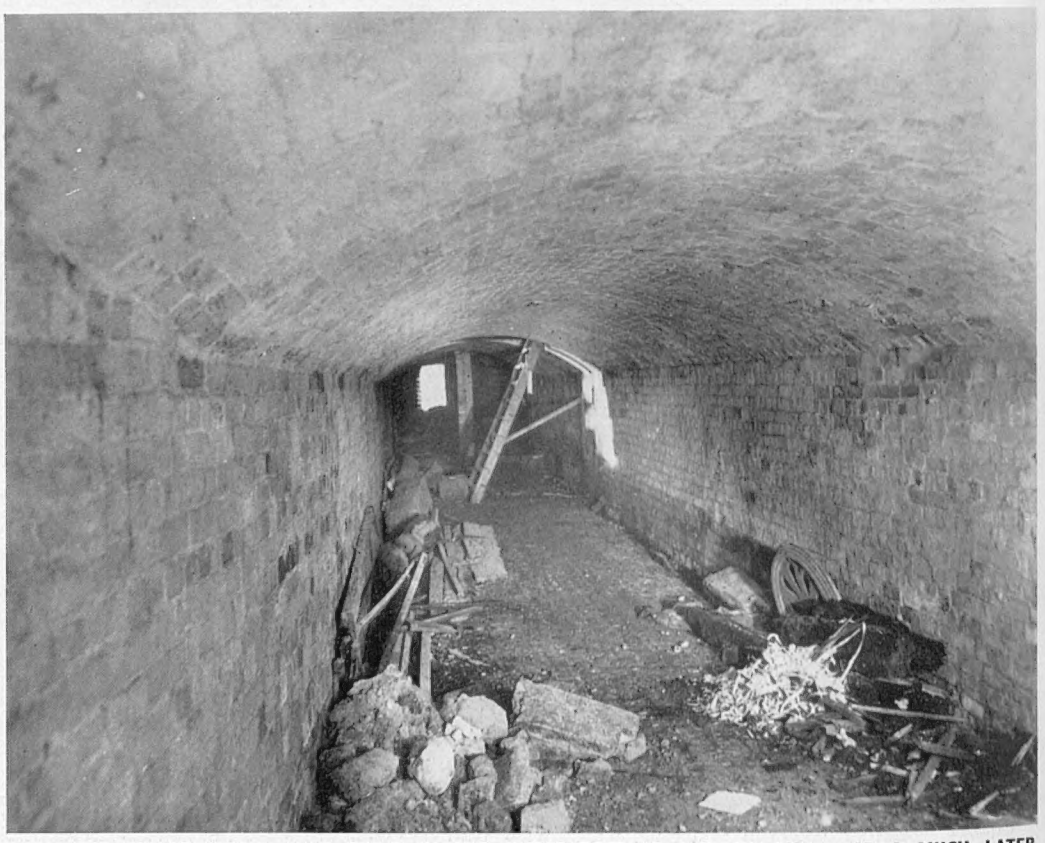
The Hall stands in King Street, and for years was almost forgotten and unnoticed by the majority of passers-by. In 1945, in a very dilapidated condition, with leaking roof, leaning walls, and blocked-up windows, it was in danger of being pulled down when the property with adjoining yards and warehouses was put up for sale. Mr. A. P. D. Penrose, of Bradenham Hall, bought the Hall and the surrounding property in the hope that some use for it could be found, and since then a scheme has been worked out for the complete restoration of the building and its use as an arts centre. The part of the property which includes the Hall, the original warehouses, water gate and quay of the guild, and an adjoining house lying to the north of the Hall, is to be vested in the National Trust.

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE GUILDHALL OF ST. GEORGE AT KING'S LYNN, SHOWING THE MASSIVE BUTTRESSES HELPING TO SUSTAIN THE ROOF: The hall, now largely restored, will be opened by her Majesty the Queen in July. The building is of nation-wide interest owing to its long association with the drama, extending from Shakespeare's day to the nineteenth century. In its restored condition the Guildhall will again be used as a theatre, and it will be one of the crowning glories of a city which is able to list no fewer than 400 buildings as ancient monuments.

The St. George's Guild of Lynn was founded in 1376 primarily as a religious guild, and in 1406 it was wealthy enough to acquire the present site in King Street, a licence being granted by Henry IV for the guild to hold the property in mortmain, which was later confirmed by Edward IV in 1461. The size of the Hall and warehouses implies considerable commercial activity, but on the suppression of the Guilds in Edward VI's reign, the property was used as a sailmaker's shop, an exchange for merchants, a playhouse, and, during the Civil War, as an armoury and a powder store. Its use as a playhouse between 1593 and 1633 is proven by entries in the Corporation minutes, but it was not until 1766 that the interior was actually fitted up as a theatre. The use of the Hall as a theatre continued until 1814, when a new theatre was opened in St. James's Street, and the property was then sold by the Corporation. Since that time it has been used as a granary and a wool warehouse and in recent years as a storage for stage scenery. The Hall suffered considerably in its various uses, but the main fabric with its fifteenth-century walls and trussed rafter roof remains intact. A trust has been formed to lease and take over the building, and it is intended eventually to add at the west end a modern stage block with a proscenium arch pierced in the west wall

A NOBLE SURVIVAL: The interior of St. George's Hall, King's Lynn, during the work of restoration. It shows the fine trussed rafter roof which is now repaired. The hall is 107 ft. long and nearly 30 ft Wide. The thrust of the great weight of timber in the massive roof led to the erection of five buttresses on the north side. Buttresses were not originally built on the south side, and the wall has a distinct lean, but in the eighteenth century this was strengthened by the erection of one buttress. and now in the restoration another is being built

THE EAST END OF ST. GEORGE'S GUILDHALL: The façade as it appears after restoration. There is new stonework in the window and a new archway, but much of the original structure survives.

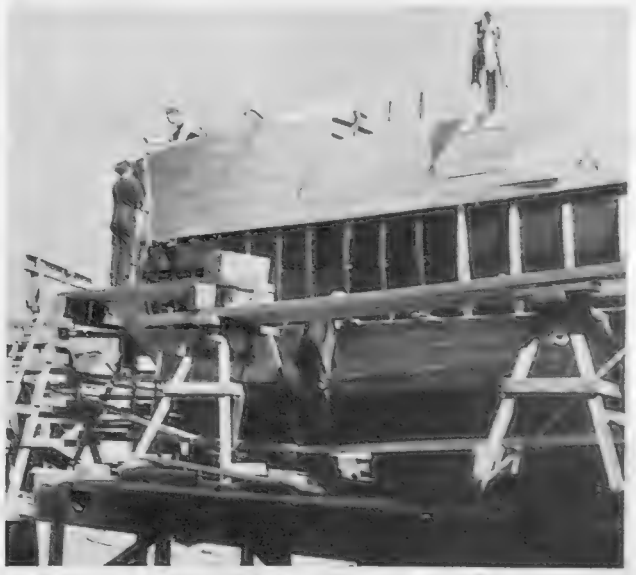


THE WINE CELLAR WHICH WAS BUILT IN THE UNDERCROFT OF THE GUILDHALL AT A MUCH LATER DATE THAN THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE: This wine cellar continues beyond the hall, and under the warehouses to the quay. Wine was brought up to this cellar from ships lying in the Ouse.

MARGATE'S NEW LIFEBOAT TAKES THE WATER: The *North Foreland* (Civil Service No. XI) seen leaving the jetty during rough weather at Margate, Kent, after the naming ceremony performed by the Duchess of Kent. *On left*—The Duchess of Kent seen during the dedication service, which was conducted by the Bishop of Dover. The lifeboat, which has been built of aluminium alloy, is the gift of the Civil Service lifeboat fund. The *North Foreland* is the seventh of the new type of lifeboat to go into service around Britain's coast; the eighth, which is to go into service on the Humber, is now on show at the South Bank Exhibition of the Festival of Britain. The *North Foreland* is powered by two 60-h.p. diesel engines, and is capable of reaching a speed of nearly 9 knots and travelling for 230 miles without refuelling. The use of aluminium alloy lessens the weight of the superstructure by half a ton, thereby permitting greater attention to the lifeboat's large deck cabin.

MARGATE'S NEW LIFEBOAT

S.P.G. BUILDS A SHIP



THE REPLICA OF THE SHIP IN WHICH THE FIRST MISSIONARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS SAILED FOR AMERICA, TAKES SHAPE AT BRIGHTLINGSEA, ESSEX: This 70-ft.-long replica of the sailing ship *Centurion* is being built for use during the year of the Society's 250th anniversary celebrations. The pictures, *above* and *on left*, show the forward part and the stern of the sailing-ship during building operations on the East Coast. The original *Centurion* was used by the S.P.G. to carry the Society's first missionary, the Rev. George Keith, to Boston. After the replica of the *Centurion* has undergone her trials she will be sailed along the South Coast, calling at various seaside resorts, where services, conducted by the missionaries on board, will be held on shore. The 250th anniversary celebrations opened in April at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, with the commissioning, by the Bishop of London, of six bishops who are to travel to different places where the Society has worked. At the service each bishop was presented with a replica, 9 ins. long, of the *Centurion*, and a facsimile of the Society's original charter which Dr. Thomas Bray obtained from King William III in 1701. The S.P.G. came into being after it had been decided that a new Society should be founded with a Royal Charter in order to allow the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to carry out other work.

FRAMED BETWEEN THE UNION JACK AND THE FLAGS OF BELGIUM AND LUXEMBOURG: The few survivors of the 1st Battalion, the Gloucestershire Regiment, men of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery (temporarily attached to the Gloucesters), and Belgian and Luxembourg troops, who also form part of the 29th Brigade, seen on parade at Brigade headquarters "somewhere in Korea," when they assembled in the presence of Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet, the United Nations Ground Commander. The General is seen on the dais in the foreground about to present to the Colonel, commanding the Gloucesters, and the Major, commanding the 170th Mortar Battery, the Presidential Unit citation for heroism in action, the highest American decoration awarded to units. The citation was in recognition of their gallant stand between April 22 and 24, when the Gloucesters lost all but forty-five of their six hundred men.

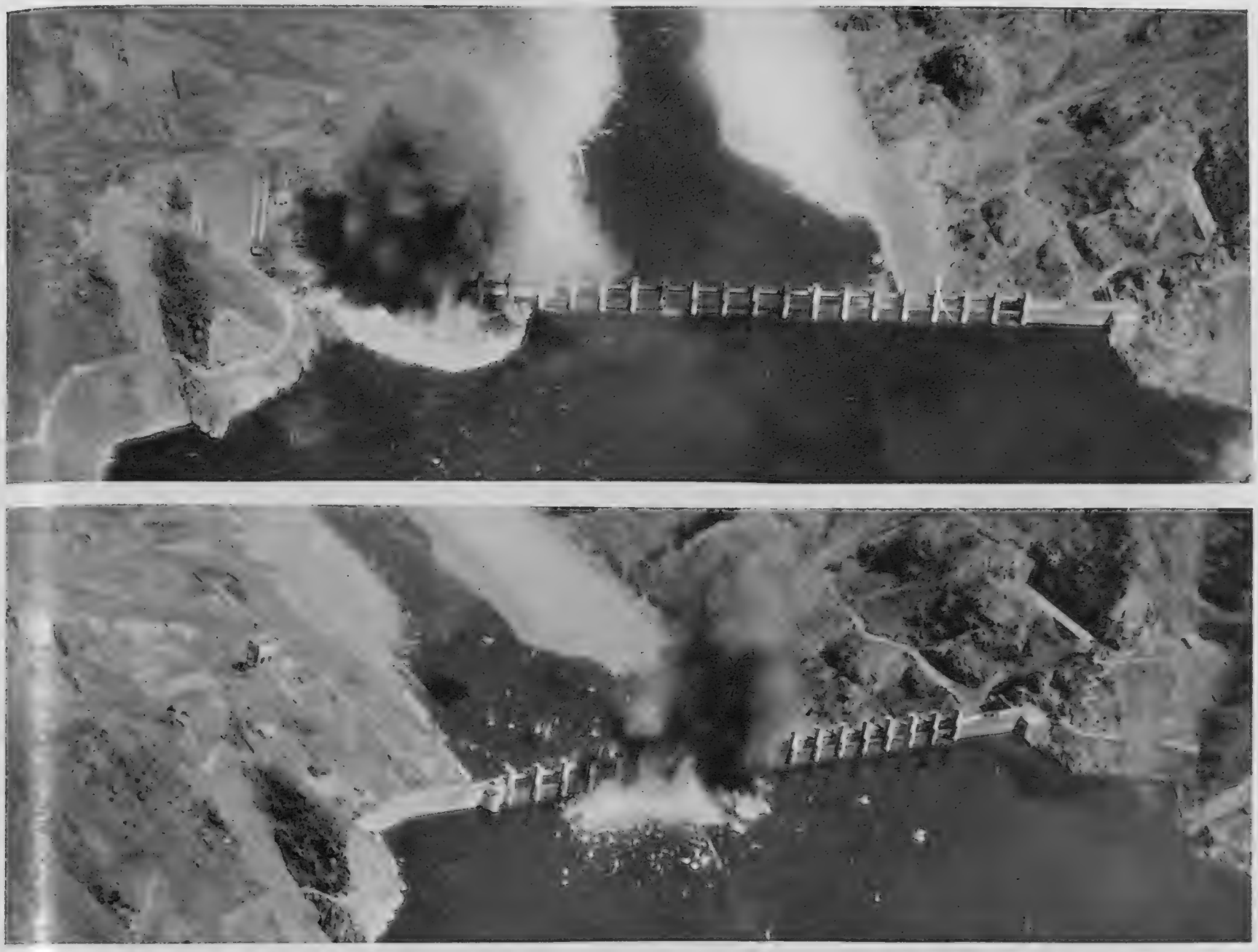
LIEUT.-GENERAL JAMES A. VAN FLEET PRAISES THE HEROISM OF THE 29TH BRIGADE: The United Nations Ground Commander, with Brigadier Brodie, of the 29th Brigade, standing beside him, delivering his address before presenting the Presidential citation to the Gloucesters.

HONOURING THE HEROIC GLOUCESTERS

A PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION IS PRESENTED TO THE SURVIVORS

The heroic stand of the 1st Gloucesters and their companions of the Royal Artillery, in the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, received due recognition when Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet went to 29th Brigade Headquarters to present the Presidential Unit citation, the ribbon of which, with the permission of the King, will be worn by the men of the two units. In a personal tribute to the Gloucesters and the Mortar Battery, the United Nations Commander declared: "Their epic stand will go down as one of the most valiant in modern times. British Commonwealth forces are part of our fine fighting team in Korea and played an important and heroic part in stemming the great Chinese offensive which started on the night of April 22." When the enemy first launched his offensive, the 29th Brigade was in position between the South Korean First and the United States Third Divisions athwart the famous Uijongbu-Seoul axis and felt the full impact of the foe's massive frontal attack, General Van Fleet added. "The Brigade held its position against extremely heavy odds for three consecutive days, giving no ground and inflicting a heavy toll of enemy casualties," he said. "Their firm stand upset the Chinese timetable of advance and permitted other United Nations troops in that sector to reorganise on new defensive lines."

PINNING THE RIBBON OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CITATION ON THE TUNIC OF LIEUT.-COLONEL DIGBY GRIST, THE GLOUCESTERS' NEW COMMANDING OFFICER: The Colonel received the award from the hands of Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet on behalf of the whole Battalion. Major T. Fisher Hoch received the award on behalf of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery.



THE DOUGLAS SKYRAIDERS CARRY OUT THEIR DEADLY WORK : These three pictures were taken as bombers from the aircraft-carrier *Princeton* dropped naval torpedoes on the Hwachon Dam, just north of the 38th Parallel, carrying out a tactical intervention of the first importance by letting loose the floodwaters into the Han and Pukhan Rivers, raising the river levels, and thus preventing Communist crossings at vital points.

WRECKING A KOREAN DAM

How Naval Torpedoes Were Used to Break the Floodgates at Hwachon

The United States Navy did the United States Army a good turn at the beginning of May when from the deck of the carrier *Princeton*, cruising in the Sea of Japan, Douglas Skyraiders hit the Hwachon Dam to such purpose that floodwaters were sent roaring down the Han and Pukhan Rivers and Communist troops, poised for the crossing, were kept at bay by the raging torrent.

This was the first time since the Second World War that the U.S. Navy had despatched torpedo-carrying planes on a combat mission, and it was the first time that a big dam-busting operation had been accomplished since Gibson and his men destroyed the barrage at Mohne.

The Navy responded in the first place to the Army's call for help by sending planes with high-explosive bombs, but this first mission was a failure, the bombs having little or no effect on the 900-ft. concrete barrier, more than 20 ft. thick. In fact, the bombs took away only a part of one gate.

On the following day, after much parleying aboard the *Princeton*, the Skyraiders were loaded up with torpedoes, which had been brought up from somewhere deep in the carrier's ammunition and bomb store. The Hwachon Dam, lying just north of the 38th Parallel, was approached from the south in a wide arc in order to baffle the enemy A.-A. gunners. The first pilot to go in on the target was Commander Richard C. Merrick, Commander of Carrier Air Group 19. His torpedo, and that of the plane following him, hit the centre gate of the dam, and water quickly began sluicing through the gap. Four other Skyraiders made their runs, and when Commander Merrick assembled his forces over the reservoir for a final check on results the score was five hits on the dam.

RANGING THE WORLD FOR HEADLINED NEWS

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF EVENTS ABROAD

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF ISRAEL'S INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATED IN JERUSALEM : A guard of honour for Israel's war dead is formed up in one of the squares of the city, which was beflagged for the anniversary celebrations. The celebrations brought a short pause in the shrill election campaign, which is already under way in Israel and will reach its climax at the end of July, the balloting taking place on July 30. Perhaps the most important aspect of the celebrations this year was the visit to America of Prime Minister Ben Gurion, where he has been making a tour of the country on behalf of the 500,000,000-dollar State of Israel Independence Loan, the issue marking the third anniversary of the new State.

EINSTEIN AND BEN GURION MEET AT PRINCETON : The meeting of the great scientist and the Israeli Premier took place before Mr. Ben Gurion went to Philadelphia, where he presented his nation's flag to the city in a twenty-minutes ceremony on the steps of Independence Hall. Later Mr. Ben Gurion visited Baltimore and Washington, and he arranged to speak at a National Action Conference of the United Jewish Appeal in Chicago on May 26 and 27. In a speech at Philadelphia Mr. Ben Gurion told an audience of 8,000 that "the bond between your great republic and our small country" is best expressed by the inscription on the Liberty Bell. He quoted the inscription in Hebrew and English: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

PANAMA'S OUSTED DICTATOR-PRESIDENT, DR. ARNULFO ARIAS, EMERGES FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE WITH HIS WIFE AFTER A BATTLE FOUGHT FROM FLOOR TO FLOOR : Arias, who is to be impeached, was marched off to prison by the National Police. Thus ended his bid to assume complete dictatorial powers in the Republic, which began a few days before when he revoked the Constitution of 1946. The First Vice-President, Alcibiades Arosemena, has now been made President. He heads a coalition.

ALCIBIADES AROSEMENA, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PANAMANIAN REPUBLIC, AND CESAR GULLEN, PRESIDENT OF THE PANAMANIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, SEEN TOGETHER AFTER AROSEMENA'S INSTALLATION IN OFFICE AND THE EXPULSION OF PRESIDENT ARNULFO ARIAS : During the period between the suspension of the Constitution of 1946 and the palace battle which led to the ousting of Arias, there was widespread rioting in Panama City, three persons being killed and over 100 injured. Nine more persons were killed and seventy-five were wounded in the palace battle when Colonel Remon, supporting the Court's ruling on the illegality of Arias's actions, threw his police against the building. Nominally it could be said that the outcome of the struggle was a victory for Constitutional forces, as the aims of Arias were plain to see, but it also reasserted the influence of the police over the Republic's affairs.

GENERAL MacARTHUR, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1940, THROWING OUT THE BALL AT THE POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, TO START THE BASEBALL GAME BETWEEN THE NEW YORK GIANTS AND THE PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES : On the left stands the Giants' manager, Leo Durocher, and on the right is Mrs. MacArthur. General MacArthur received an immense ovation from the crowd of 100,000 and (as a special innovation) a 17-gun salute was provided over the public address system. General MacArthur then spoke to the fans over the address system, expressing himself as happy to witness the great American game of baseball that has done so much to build the American character. "Mrs. MacArthur and I are both fans," the General added. "By that I mean we have sense enough to root for the home team."

NEW ZEALAND IN THE GRIP OF LABOUR TROUBLES : Cornelius Doyle, head of the Cold Storage Workers' Union, being pushed back into line by a police officer, while another engagement takes place in the roadway. This picture was taken during the march by dockers and sympathisers on the Parliament House at Wellington, the march being but one of many incidents in the three-months strike for higher pay called by the Waterside Workers' Union. At the beginning of May it was estimated that the strike had already cost £1,000,000, and, as a result of sympathetic strikes in other industries, there was serious interference with economic life in the Dominion. The New Zealand Importers' Association has forecast a rise in the cost of living in Britain as a result of the New Zealand strike, the rise being directly caused by the 50 per cent. sea-freight surcharge on cargoes to and from New Zealand. The surcharge is designed to recover some of the losses sustained by the shipping lines as a result of the industrial disturbance.

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH, COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST OF THE 3RD BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: The Princess is seen on the saluting dais on the parade-ground at Chelsea Barracks as the unit marched by. The 3rd Battalion is due to embark for Tripoli in July, and this ceremony was in the nature of a Royal leave-taking. Princess Elizabeth is associated with several other regiments, being Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 16th Lancers, the 48th Highlanders of Canada, and Le Régiment de la Chaudière. She is also an Hon. Senior Controller, W.R.A.C.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS

TRIPOLI BOUND

The Colonel of the Regiment Makes a Farewell Inspection

On April 21, 1942, on her sixteenth birthday, Princess Elizabeth was appointed Hon. Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, the premier regiment of Foot Guards. Ever since then her association with the regiment has been close, and visits to the various units have become a regular feature of Royal routine. Last week the Princess was at Chelsea Barracks for a farewell inspection of the 3rd Battalion. Having walked round the ranks of the Guardsmen in their scarlet tunics and bearskins, and talked to several men, the Princess took the salute when the 3rd Battalion marched past, headed by the Commanding Officer.

THE PRINCESS WALKS DOWN THE RANKS, AND THEN FOLLOW THREE CHEERS FOR THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT: *Left*—The Princess with the commanding officer and other officers of the 3rd Battalion as she inspected the men. *Right*—Bearskins are raised aloft as the men give three cheers for the Princess. Later the Princess visited the sergeant's mess and then took luncheon with the officers.

STANDING BY FOR ORDERS TO A POSSIBLE "UNKNOWN DESTINATION"—PARATROOPS AT THE PARACHUTE SCHOOL AT ABINGDON, BERKSHIRE, WHERE ALL MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE WERE RECALLED FROM LEAVE AND MANŒUVRES DURING THE WHITSUN HOLIDAY PERIOD: Paratroops on a conversion course from Dakotas to Hastings are seen leaving a Hastings transport aircraft after an exercise. Marching in the front ranks are two American soldiers.

Airborne veterans of Arnhem, North Africa, Sicily and Southern France were among the many paratroops who, in the week following the Whitsun holiday, rejoined their regiments and made for the barracks of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group at Aldershot. Many of the men had been recalled from leave following orders for the unit to stand by ready to leave for an "undisclosed destination." The second and third battalions of the Group were on manœuvres and had to return from Okehampton, Devon, and from Llanbedr, in North Wales. The first battalion travelled from Shorncliffe, Kent. The Group, which returned from the Rhine Army about two years ago, consists of representatives of nearly all regiments of the Army and it is commanded by Brigadier K. T. Darling. Just lately the men have been carrying out conversion courses from obsolete Dakotas to the two-door Hastings transport plane. With the use of the double doors more paratroops can be dropped at the same time and can be grouped more closely on the ground—"almost in formation at the outset."

PARATROOPS STAND BY

The 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group Recalled from Leave and Exercises to Prepare for a Possible Journey to an "Undisclosed Destination"

PARACHUTISTS RETURN TO CAMP: With rifles in their hands and packs on their backs, red-bereted troops of the Parachute Regiment sprint across the railway lines on their way back to barracks where they were to stand by for further orders. Soon after their return to camp the men had medical inspections and inoculations.

OUTSIDE THE N.A.A.F.I. CANTEEN: Men of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group take a rest between practice jumps. Earlier they had heard that the War Office had ordered their 4,500-strong brigade to be ready for a possible journey to a secret destination.

CROSSING THE RAILWAY LINES TO THE WAITING LORRIES: The men were on their way back to camp following their recall from manœuvres in North Wales, Devon and Kent. The men of the Brigade are said to be the best of Britain's airborne striking force.

"SWIFT" and SURE

Britain's New Supermarine Fighter Goes Into Production: The U.S. Blimp Demonstrates the Art of Air Refuelling

THE SWIFT GOES INTO PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: This swept-wing fighter, with the air intakes just below the pilot's cockpit, is the latest product of Vickers-Armstrongs Supermarine Division and is similar to the Supermarine 535 which first flew in August 1950. The Swift is really a full fighter version of the Type 510 research aircraft, itself one of the fastest machines yet produced in this country. The fuselage of the Swift is longer than that of the 510, because the Nene turbo-jet has a reheat installation to increase speed or rate of climb for short periods. It will be seen that in the Swift the cockpit is placed well forward of the wings.

THE SUBMARINE'S ENEMY, NOW PACKED WITH MORE RADAR AND ELECTRONICAL EQUIPMENT THAN EVER BEFORE: This is the newest version of the American Navy's prime anti-submarine aircraft, the P2V 5. Built by Lockheed, the aircraft is to be used also by the British and Australian Services. The new model strongly resembles its predecessors. The external differences are the added nose turret and larger wing-tip tanks. The P2V 5 adds appreciably more radar and electronics equipment in addition to its heavy armament than any previous model. Developed by the U.S. Navy and Lockheed, the P2V design has been in Navy service since 1945. Earlier models are now flying with United Nations forces in Korea. An obvious recognition feature is provided by the large external radome beneath the fuselage.

A U.S. NAVAL VERSION OF THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK: *Left*—An aircraftman of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet is seemingly making a fuel hose do the impossible. Actually the nozzle is held by a rope and is being hauled up to the fuel tanks of an American naval anti-submarine blimp, which is seen (*right*) coming in to take on a load of petrol. The blimp flies low, maintaining a constant course and speed in company with the carrier. Petrol is forced upwards by an electric pump.

To-day the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation, the sole suppliers of airships to the U.S. Navy's lighter-than-air section, continues to produce patrol ships for the Service, and these naval blimps now co-operate with naval planes and destroyers in forming hunter-killer teams, which it is hoped are an effective answer to the "Snort"-equipped submarine. The blimps are used for carrying magnetic airborne detection gear, enabling them to track submerged targets which they have pin-pointed. The kill is then accomplished by planes and ships with bombs and depth-charges. At one time these blimps had to make carrier landings in order to take on petrol, but, as these pictures show, an effective system of flight refuelling has been developed, and it is, of course, saving a great deal of unnecessary work aboard the parent carrier. There are several types of blimp in the American Service, the latest of them being the new N-class ships which have a helium capacity of 875,000 cub. ft. as compared with the 725,000 cub. ft. capacity of the M type, which holds the world's sustained flight record of over one week.

THE COASTLINE ON THE NORTH SIDE OF PORTREE HARBOUR: This view looks towards the island of Raasay, and is one familiar to all who know the Inner Hebrides. Portree lies halfway along Skye's deeply-indented coast. It is linked by steamer with Glasgow and Oban, on the Scottish mainland. Skye is starting her annual "At Home" Week on June 1, welcoming visitors from all parts of the world to enjoy the beauties of "The Misty Isle," which is so closely linked with great events in Scotland's history.

SKYE WEEK

"THE MISTY ISLE" IS ONCE AGAIN "AT HOME" TO THE WORLD

It would now appear that Skye's "At Home" Week is going to be a firmly-established annual event, introducing an ever-widening circle to this famed island of the Inner Hebrides. To-day Skye has a population of about 11,000, just half the figure it was in the nineteenth century, but there are many thousands of exiles, the Macdonalds and the Macleods, who take this opportunity of re-exploring the land of their birth, coming from far afield to join the local inhabitants in the ceilidhs, the country dancing and the games which make the Week memorable. The numerous Macdonald visitors usually make for the Trotternish country of their ancestors, while the Macleods converge on Dunvegan Castle, the home of their chief, Flora Mrs. Macleod of Macleod. Skye has in the past given thousands of its citizens to the Commonwealth, so in Skye Week the exiles' week of homecoming, there are almost sure to be representatives of the colonies of Macleods from New South Wales and from Nova Scotia. The United States is bound to be represented, while from London, where the Clan Macleod Society is one of the biggest groups of London Scots, the largest contingent of all is likely to come.

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF DUNVEGAN, THE HOME OF THE MACLEODS: Dunvegan Castle was erected in the ninth century and extended by later chieftains, especially by Alastair Crotach, or the "Humpback," and by Rory More, who was knighted by James VI. Built on a rocky promontory, which is difficult of access, the fortress must have been almost impregnable in the era of clan warfare. The present chatelaine of Dunvegan is Flora Macleod of Macleod, the twenty-eighth chief of the Clan Macleod.

LOCH SCAVAIG, SEEN FROM ELGOL, WITH THE PEAKS OF THE CUILLIN HILLS, USUALLY SHROUDED IN MIST, DOMINATING THE FAR DISTANCE: This scenery of rugged grandeur is in the remote south-west of Skye, where some of the peaks tower to over 3,000 ft., considerably higher than in the Trotternish Range in the far north of the island. The highest peak, seen in the far distance, would appear to be Sgurr Nan Gillean, which reaches 3,167 ft., while away to the left is Sgurr Nan Eag.

LOOKING ACROSS THE LOW WATER OF LOCH PORTREE TO THE SLOPES OF SRON A MHILL, THE TREE-SURROUNDED CLEARING WHERE THE HIGHLAND GAMES ARE HELD DURING SKYE WEEK: Sron a Mhill juts out into the harbour of Portree, and in this picture it shrouds the pier where the boats from the mainland make fast after journeying from Oban and the Clyde. In the far distance on the right are the heights of Ben Tianvaig, which stand above the Raasay Strait.

UFFA FOX
THE FLYING YACHTSMAN

Who is Now Building the Biggest and Fastest Boat He Has Yet Designed

Some years ago the yachting world was startled by the appearance of an International 14-ft. sailing dinghy which doubled the speed of anything previously attained by boats of this class. This new dinghy was designed specially to plane—that is, to ride—on a flat stern with the whole of the forepart of the boat well out of the water. In winds of 15 miles an hour and over they would stick their noses up and skim over the water like power-driven hydroplanes.

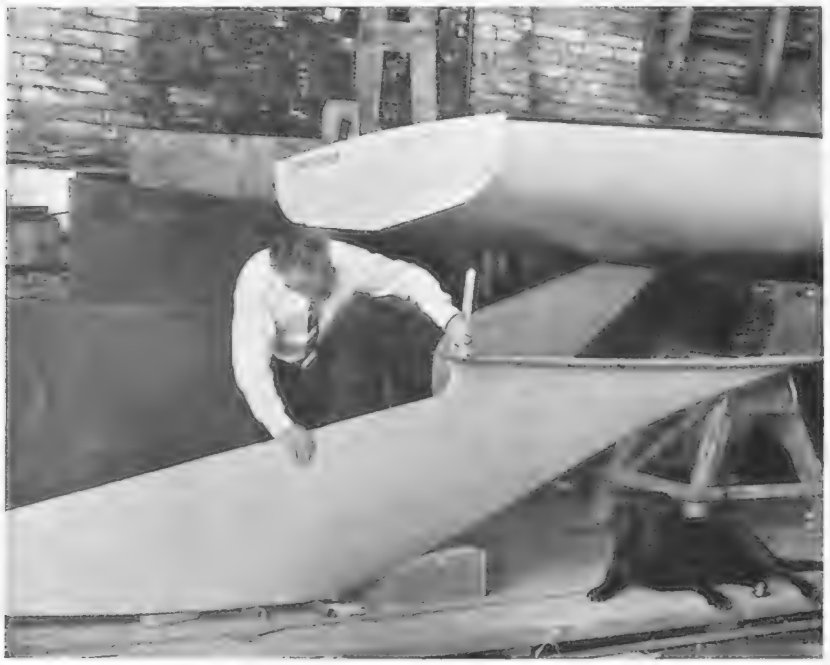
Designer of this revolutionary boat was Uffa Fox, a man who dreams yachts awake and asleep. That 14-ft. dinghy put Fox at once in the front rank of British boat-designers, and he has been leading his profession ever since. From the experience gained from the 14-ft. dinghy, Uffa Fox next developed his Flying Fifteen, a heavier racing yacht, 15 ft. at the water-line, incorporating the same principles which doubled the speed of the racing dinghy. The "Fifteen" proved a tremendously exciting boat to sail, and was acclaimed by yachtsmen all over the world. The Duke of Edinburgh commissioned Uffa Fox to build him a Flying Fifteen, and the result, called *Cowslip*, has made a lively name for herself on the Solent.

Uffa's next development was the Flying Twenty, and then came the Flying Twenty-five. This boat skims over the water at 16 knots off the wind, a tremendous speed for a 25-ft. water-line boat with an overall length of 35 ft. Next came a cruiser-racer, the Flying Thirty, designed for the larger purse.

Now Uffa Fox is building the biggest racer he has ever attempted, the Flying Thirty-five: 35 ft. at the water-line and 48 ft. overall, it displaces 7½ tons. A normal boat of this size would displace 15 tons. So although the Flying Thirty-five sleeps seven, has roomy accommodation with full headroom throughout, she is only half the weight of a normal 35-ft. boat, and because of her planing lines should sail at double the speed. When this boat is launched and trimmed, Uffa Fox confidently expects her to reach 20 knots.

Uffa Fox lives at Medina House, facing out over the Solent, with a splendid view over Cowes harbour to the coast from Portsmouth to Southampton. The house was built for Lord Mount Edgecumbe about 250 years ago. Uffa also has a country cottage at Puckaster, on the other side of the island, where he stables the thoroughbred mare who has taken him over most of the Isle of Wight. But Uffa Fox can seldom bear to be away from his beloved Cowes for long. For there he has seen his dreams come true.

UFFA FOX AT WORK WITH HIS CRAFTSMEN IN HIS BOATYARD AT COWES: The celebrated designer is seen (left background) giving instruction regarding his Flying Thirty-five, the largest boat which he has under construction and which he hopes will achieve speeds up to 20 knots. Uffa Fox leapt into world prominence with his introduction of the Flying Fourteen, a sailing dinghy of astonishing power.



THE FLYING YACHTSMAN OF MEDINA: Uffa Fox at work in his yard at Cowes, where, except for the war years, he has been building small-class racers for the greater part of his life. During the war he designed and built specialised craft for the Services.

UFFA FOX AT HOME: Even in his leisure hours Uffa Fox thinks, dreams and plans yachts. His library in his home in Medina House, not far from his boatyard, is stacked with books about boats, some of them written by himself.

UFFA FOX AFLOAT: The designer is seen (right) in the cockpit of *Noroda*, which he designed and built for Commodore F. G. Mitchell, Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. *Noroda* is cutting through the water in a 6-metre race.

WHITSUNTIDE YACHTING

ON THE CLYDE AND IN THE CHANNEL

The Royal Northern Yacht Club's Regatta and the Bournemouth-to-Cherbourg Race

THE OPENING OF THE CLYDE YACHTING SEASON—THE START OF THE SCOTTISH ISLANDS CLASS IN THE ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA OFF ROSENEATH, DUMBARTONSHIRE: The first three yachts seen in this picture finished first, second and third respectively. They are No. 10, *Canna* (J. H. Thorn); No. 5, *Sanda* (R. K. Sharp) and No. 6, *Jura* (A. K. Burgius). The other three yachts of the six starters were *Bernera*, *Stroma* and *Iona*. Some of the participants were newcomers to the course, but the veteran helmsman of *Canna* made good use of the favourable lift along the Kilcreggan shore and won the race by 39 seconds from *Sanda*. There were thirty-seven starters in the Royal Northern Yacht Club's opening matches of the season, which is to include the Festival Clyde Yachting Fortnight, from June 29 to July 12.

A WHITSUNTIDE RACE ON THE CLYDE: The International Dragon Class Yacht *Swona* (D. B. Maclachlan) has her sails stretched by the stiff breeze during the Royal Northern Yacht Club's regatta.

THIS YACHT GAINED SECOND PLACE IN THE INTERNATIONAL DRAGON CLASS: Mrs. L. G. Hinge seen at the helm of *Argee II* during the regatta off Roseneath. With her in the yacht are Mr. Hinge and Miss Marjorie Smith.

THE START OF THE WHITSUNTIDE BOURNEMOUTH-TO-CHERBOURG YACHT RACE: About thirty yachts started in the race, which was first held in 1934. The yachtsmen were entertained in Cherbourg by the Yacht Club there, and on the Sunday an international race was arranged between Poole and Cherbourg crews in French waters. The results of the two classes in the main Bournemouth-to-Cherbourg race were: Class A—*Minoru* (H. D. Drake), 1; *Mehala* (Dr. F. A. Cooper), 2; *Shireen* (A. E. Wood), 3. Class B—*Coraline* (J. W. F. Goodricke), 1; *Pastime* (J. Byrn), 2; *Mary Helen* (Mrs. J. Tew), 3.

NEWS FROM THE IRON ROAD

The Progress of the Great Woodhead Tunnel; British Railways Launch a Mobile War on Weeds

PRESSING THE SWITCH, WHICH FIRED THE SHOT, WHICH JOINED THE TWO PILOT TUNNELS WHICH HAVE BEEN DRIVEN INWARDS TO MEET EACH OTHER FROM THE WESTERN AND EASTERN ENDS OF THE PENNINES: Mr. J. C. Train, a member of the British Railways Executive, at the recent ceremony in the new Woodhead Tunnel on the Manchester-Sheffield line. This is one of the chief arteries of communication between the north-west, the east coast and the Midlands. Through the Pennines it carries a heavy flow of mineral traffic from the South Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire coalfields areas to the industrial north-west. The new tunnel will provide a two-way main-line link in one tunnel, replacing the two single-line tunnels which were built more than a century ago. The pilot tunnel is one-fifth the sectional area of the final tunnel. It has now to be excavated to a breadth of 31 ft. and a height of 24 ft. throughout its three-mile length; some 1,300 ft. has already been enlarged in the Yorkshire section, where drilling was easier. Lined with concrete and with tracks laid, the tunnel should be finished towards the end of next year.

AFTER THE BREAK-THROUGH IN THE NEW WOODHEAD TUNNEL: Walter MacColl (left) and Harry Fowler, the foreman of gangs who have worked from the Dunford and Woodhead sides of the tunnel, shaking hands after the pilot tunnel had been opened. It was found that the two gangs had bored to within 3-16th inch of the centre line and 1-8th inch of the level line. Now comes the heavy task of enlarging the pilot tunnel to its full dimensions.

A GET-TOGETHER BENEATH THE PENNINES: Sir William Halcrow (left), one of the principals of the consultant engineers, seen with some of the men who have driven the pilot shaft of the new tunnel on the Manchester-Sheffield line.

BEFORE THE START OF A WEED-KILLING TRIP: Water being taken aboard a special train for use in diluting the chemicals and in making a sodium-chloride spray for cleaning the line. These operations, based on Crewe, are now going on in the London-Midland Region of British Railways. The train can cover 2,000 miles of track in a "season" of about three months, during which it sprays 200,000 gallons of weed-killer. It comprises an engine, tank wagons containing the weed-killer, and sleeping and dining coaches for the staff. The maximum speed of the train is 25 miles an hour. A set of six adjustable self-cleaning jets gives umbrella sprays in the form of rain. The train is manned by a crew of four—an operator-in-charge, two fitters and a cook.

THE WEED-KILLER TRAIN SPRAYING THE TRACK ON THE WATFORD-ST. ALBANS BRANCH LINE, IN HERTFORDSHIRE: One of the operators, wearing protective goggles, is seen controlling the spray nozzles from the end of the chief engineer's coach. The train will be in action throughout the early summer.

LIQUID DEATH ON THE LINE: Sodium chloride solution being sprayed on the Watford-St. Albans line as the weed-killer train forges ahead at 25 m.p.h.

The ABBEY'S RESTORED CHAPTER HOUSE

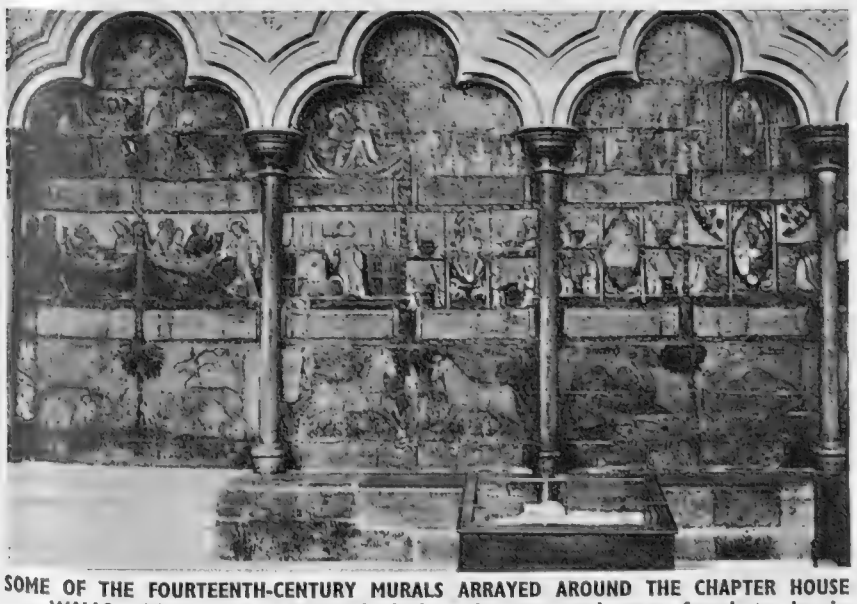
Before Entering Westminster's Thirteenth-Century Octagonal Building Visitors Must First Don a Pair of Protective Overshoes

ENSURING THE PRESERVATION OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY TILED FLOOR: All visitors to the Chapter House are required to put on goloshes or soft sandals, provided by the authorities, over their shoes in order to avoid causing possible damage to the ancient tiled floor.

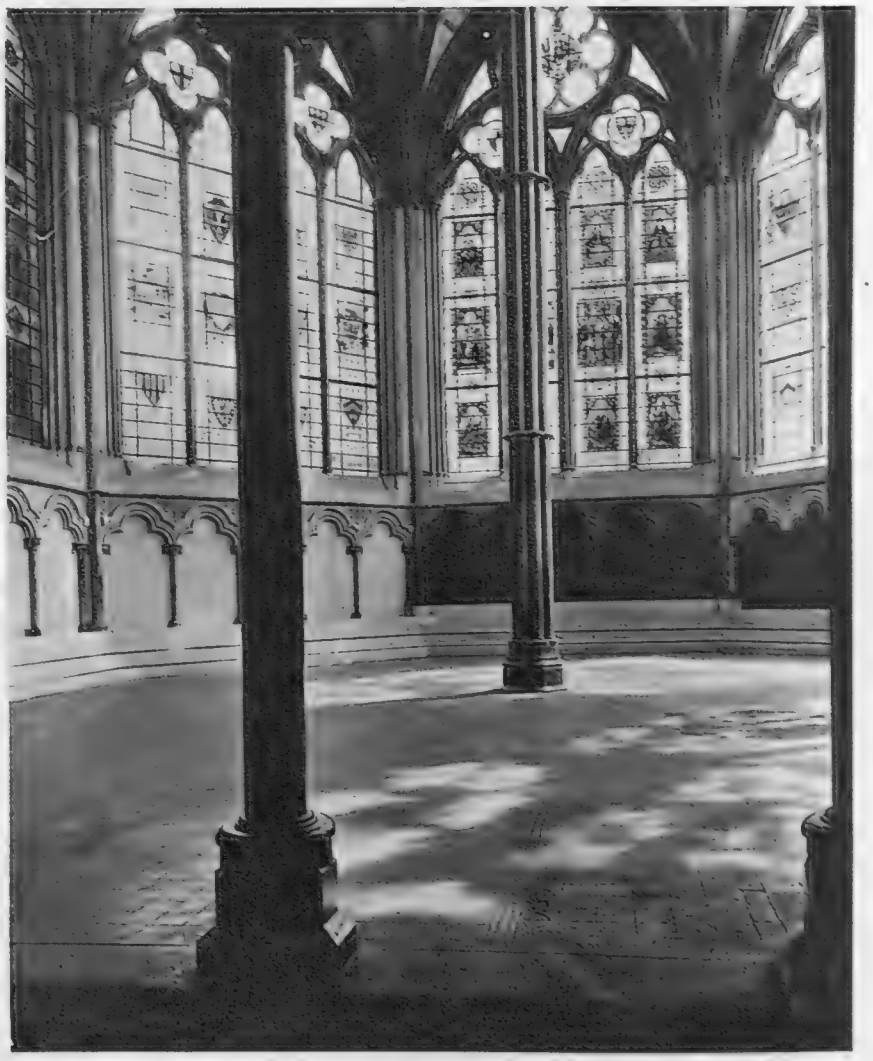
LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE VAULTED ROOF OF THE OCTAGONAL CHAPTER HOUSE: The Chamber is supported by this one single slender column of marble, 35 ft. high.

THE INTERIOR OF THE WESTMINSTER CHAPTER HOUSE, WHICH HAS BEEN RESTORED AND REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC: This view shows the entrance from the Cloisters and the two thirteenth-century figures of the Annunciation which are placed on each side of the doorway. The Chamber was damaged by bombs in 1941.

In order to avoid causing unnecessary damage to the thirteenth-century tiled floor, visitors to Westminster Abbey's restored Chapter House must first don a pair of overshoes which are provided by the Chamber's custodian. This pre-war rule was reintroduced last week, when the Chapter House was reopened to the public following the completion of the restoration work which has been carried out there by the Ministry of Works. When the Chamber was damaged by bomb-blast in 1941, much of the stained glass was destroyed; stone tracery was damaged and the wrought-iron grilles were displaced and distorted. All this damage has now been made good. The north-east, south-east and south-west windows have been filled with new glass bearing the arms of Royalty, benefactors, ecclesiastics, architects and First Commissioners of Works connected with the history of the Abbey and of the Chapter House. These coats-of-arms have been set in a background of tinted glass. The south-west window, in addition to the heraldic shields, contains small panels of painted glass depicting incidents associated with the "blitz" on London, with special reference to the Abbey. In the north, east and south windows the least-damaged panels of the old glass have been reset in lightly-tinted glass. The west window, which suffered less damage, has been repaired almost entirely with its nineteenth-century glass. The Chapter House of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter in Westminster was erected in the reign of King Henry III.



SOME OF THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MURALS ARRAYED AROUND THE CHAPTER HOUSE WALLS: These were protected during the war and were found to be in excellent condition. Little work was necessary beyond superficial surface cleaning. The paintings, which are valuable examples of mediæval art, include scenes depicting "The Last Judgement," "The Apocalypse" and "The Angel Choir."



MORE LIGHT FOR THE CHAPTER HOUSE: After the nineteenth-century restoration the Chapter House was to some extent gloomy, the glass excluding much necessary light. Now, with the new windows, which have been designed by Miss Joan Howson, the stained-glass artist, the interior is expected to be somewhat brighter.

"THE LIVING IMAGE OF A WELSH MINER": This is how one visitor to the Norman Undercroft of Westminster Abbey has described this wax effigy of the Welshman who became Henry VII of England. It is one of the re-furbished and re-dressed funeral effigies which after their wartime hibernation are now once again on public view. For centuries it was the custom at great funerals in Westminster Abbey to carry life-sized effigies of the deceased, the figures being clothed in the garments of those whom they represented. The resulting collection was cleaned in the '30's and placed on view in Westminster's Islip chantry chapel. Now it can be seen in the improved setting of the Norman Undercroft, where the effigies are displayed in well-lit glass cases.

THE RESTORED WAX EFFIGIES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Funeral Figures of Historic Interest which are Now Displayed in the Norman Undercroft, Demonstrating the Fashions of Other Years

THE EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH: This figure has always made a strong appeal to popular imagination, and it certainly gives a magnificent idea of the lavish character of Elizabethan dress, but in fact it dates only from 1760, over a century-and-a-half after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Most of the figures now displayed in the Norman Undercroft at the Abbey were actually carried at the funerals of those whom they represent.

THIS EFFIGY OF CHARLES II IS REGARDED AS ONE OF THE MOST AUTHENTIC LIKENESSES OF THE KING: Beside it stands Mr. Tanner, Keeper of the Muniments. The Garter robes with which the effigy is dressed are the oldest surviving robes of the Order in England.

FRANCES STUART, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX, "LA BELLE STUART": Mrs. Lawrence Tanner and Miss M. Usher standing beside one of the finest of the effigies, all of which they have re-dressed in their original clothes for the present display in the Norman Undercroft at Westminster Abbey. Frances Stuart was chosen by King Charles II to appear on the English coinage as Britannia, the first coins being struck in 1665. In this effigy at Westminster Abbey she wears a magnificent flounced skirt.

KING WILLIAM III AND QUEEN MARY II: These effigies were not actually carried at the funerals of the King and Queen, but they are said to be almost contemporary portraits. King William died in 1702, but the making of wax funeral effigies continued for another forty years. It was in 1743 that an enterprising Abbey chorister started the first waxwork show by collecting the best-preserved funeral figures together.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN: This is the effigy of Queen Anne, a resplendent figure with crown and sceptre. After each funeral it was customary for the effigy of the dead person to be placed on a catafalque, where it remained near the grave for several weeks. Later it was removed to a glass case.

From earliest times the bodies of members of the British nobility were borne to the grave exposed to the witness of all subjects, the idea being to prevent pretenders from suddenly appearing at a later date and successfully claiming to be the dead personage.

In the thirteenth century, probably at the funeral of Henry III, a wax effigy was, for the first time, substituted at a funeral for reasons of hygiene and convenience, and this practice persisted until the middle years of the eighteenth century.

Of those early effigies few remain in existence, but Westminster Abbey has an unrivalled collection of them, one that is of the greatest value, as these figures are clothed in the garments once worn by the men and women they represent. More than that, some of them are reputed to be the most remarkable likenesses.

The Abbey collection, which is now on view again after its war and post-war hibernation, owes much to the loving care which has been bestowed upon it by Mr. Lawrence Tanner, Keeper of the Muniments, and by Mrs. Tanner. It was between 1933 and 1936 that Mr. Tanner had the effigies cleaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum, after which they emerged very nearly as they must have been when they were made. They were then returned to the Islip chantry, and were much admired by all who toured that part of the Abbey. Now, after their latest refurbishing, the effigies are seen to even better advantage in well-lit cases in the Norman Undercroft.

Only recently Queen Mary visited the Abbey to advise on detail in the re-dressing of some of the effigies. She took a special interest in the model of Charles II in his own Garter robes, the oldest in Britain.

Mrs. Lawrence Tanner and her friend, Miss Usher, have spent over three weeks re-dressing the effigies. The most elaborately clothed effigy is of Charles II's friend, the Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, or "La Belle Stuart," as she was called. La Belle Stuart is complete with all her petticoats down to the last flannel slip. Over these slips La Belle wears a flounced skirt of French brocade and ruffles of point de Paris lace, heavy silver tassels, ermine and red velvet robes, and white kid gloves are carried in a special pocket. Her parrot, which lived with her for forty years and reputedly died of grief at her death, is stuffed beside her.

Exhibition neighbours to La Belle are Queen Elizabeth with a blonde wig but red eyebrows; Katherine, Duchess of Buckingham, the natural daughter of James II; William and Mary and Queen Anne.

MOTHER AND SON: In this case is the effigy of Catherine Duchess of Buckingham—probably the last effigy actually borne at a funeral—who died in 1743; and that of her son, the little Marquess of Normanby, who died at the age of three. There is also an effigy of the second Duke of Buckingham which is of special interest because it remains exactly as it was carried at his funeral.

THE NELSON EFFIGY: This effigy was made after the great commander's burial in St. Paul's, the object being to lure sightseers back to Westminster Abbey. It is a most realistic piece of work, with the hair arranged hanging over the right eye.

A Survey of the HOME NEWS IN PICTURES *DURING RECENT DAYS*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH REOPENS WINDSOR'S GUILDHALL AFTER ITS RENOVATION: The Princess, who is also a Freeman of the Borough, seen with the Mayor of Windsor, viewing the exhibition on "Old Windsor." The Guildhall now appears almost exactly as it was when erected in the seventeenth century. At the time of the commencement of the recent repairs, which had been made necessary through neglect, it was decided that certain structural repairs should also be made. This involved the removal of some woodwork and glass which had been placed round the ground floor a century ago. The Guildhall was designed by Sir Thomas Fitz but owing to his death, before the work was finished, the Corporation called upon Sir Christopher Wren to complete the erection of the building. In her speech at the opening ceremony Princess Elizabeth referred to the fact that the supporting beam of the Guildhall was the trunk of a great oak tree which had been placed there 250 years ago.

FARTHINGS FOR THEIR BISHOP'S DIOCESAN FUNDS—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD RECEIVES CHILDREN'S GIFTS IN HIS CATHEDRAL: Dr. K. E. Kirk receives a gift of farthings from one of the 1,000 children who attended a special service in Christ Church Cathedral just after Whitsun. The custom of presenting farthings which are collected for Diocesan funds started in 1913 when the children's gifts amounted to £29. Last year, the farthings amounted to £1,244 14s. 9d.

THIS TAPESTRY WILL RECORD SOUTHAMPTON'S PART AS A MAIN EMBARKATION PORT IN THE D-DAY INVASION OF EUROPE: Miss C. M. Christison, who spent a year's work on the design, compares the water-colour painting with the unfinished tapestry. With her in the picture are some of the representatives of the fourteen women's organisations who are carrying out the work on the tapestry, which is expected to take about a year to complete. The originator of the idea is Miss Elsie Sandell, a local historian.

THE REVIVAL OF THE 700-YEAR-OLD CHEAM FAIR IN FESTIVAL YEAR: Stallholders, dressed in thirteenth- and eighteenth-century costumes, parade through the Surrey town at the opening of the Fair. Many of the stallholders remained in their ancient costumes while in attendance at their stalls in the market-place. Members of local organisations took part in the opening ceremony, which was attended by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, General Sir Robert Maining.

THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER GRANTS ITS ADOPTED TERRITORIAL UNITS THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY, GIVING THEM THE RIGHT TO MARCH THROUGH WESTMINSTER WITH DRUMS BEATING, COLOURS FLYING AND BAYONETS FIXED: This was the scene during the evening ceremony on Horse Guards Parade as the Westminster Dragoons (an armoured regiment), The Queen's Westminsters (a lorried infantry battalion), The London Scottish (Gordon Highlanders), The 10th Battalion, the Parachute Regiment, No. 324 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, and "D" Company, No. 327 County of London Battalion, W.R.A.C., were drawn up on parade in the presence of Councillor W. E. Rice, Mayor of Westminster, Lord Mersey, chairman of the Deputy Lieutenant's Committee of Westminster, and members of the City Council and Corporation. The Mayor addressed the vast assembly, and the Town Clerk, in gown and wig, read the resolution, which put on record the council's pride in the bearing and traditions of the units and its interest in "the fortunes of all who are privileged to serve therein," and embodied its intention to present to each unit an illuminated document announcing the conferment of the freedom. The commanding officers of the units then advanced to the platform, and each in turn was handed a scroll by the Mayor.

THE KING'S TROOP OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY REHEARSE THEIR MUSICAL DRIVE: A gun detachment giving a dashing display in Regent's Park in preparation for the Royal Tournament, which is to start at Earl's Court on June 6 and will continue until June 23.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE INSURES HIS LIFE AGAINST ACCIDENT FOR A PREMIUM OF SIXPENCE : A sixpence drops into the slot and Sir Hartley Shawcross receives a policy insuring his life against accident for £1,000 for twenty-four hours. He obtained the policy during the opening ceremony of the Festival of Britain "Risks Round the World" exhibition at the Royal Exchange, London. Watching Sir Hartley is Mr. C. H. Leach (background), chairman of the British Insurance Association, the sponsors of the exhibition. The slot machine, whose use overseas has been pioneered by British insurance, may possibly be installed at big British airports and other travel terminals.

IN PART-PAYMENT OF DEATH DUTIES—A CORNISH HEADLAND IS TRANSFERRED FROM PRIVATE OWNERSHIP TO THE NATIONAL TRUST : A view looking across to The Kelseys, the headland near Newquay, Cornwall, which has been transferred to the National Trust in part-payment of death duties on Lady Richmond Brown's estate of The Kelseys, Cornwall. The transfer was made by direction of the Treasury through the National Land Trust. The Kelseys, a rocky headland lying between two bathing beaches at Holywell Bay and Porthjoke, is situated in the parish of St. Cubert, about five miles west of Newquay, from which it is separated by the estuary of the Gannel. The name of St. Cubertus, from whom the parish takes its name, is associated with a spring rising in a cave on the south-western side of the headland, which was reputed to have served one of the wells used for curing children's diseases. This "Holy well," said to have been visited by people from distant places, is now of interest to holiday-makers.

HERE JOHN WESLEY PREACHED ONE OF HIS 40,000 SERMONS ON A HORSE-BACK TOUR THROUGH THE WEST COUNTRY MORE THAN 200 YEARS AGO : *Above* and *on right*—The Rev. A. Benson Perkens preaching at Gwennap Pit, in the Cornish village of St. Day, where he had a vast Whitsuntide congregation of Methodists. It was in the spring of 1739 that Wesley first began to preach in the open air in Bristol, swiftly gaining a remarkable following that spread throughout the West Country, through South Wales and many parts of the north of England. In the same year Wesley first preached at the "Foundary" in Finsbury Square, London, and he afterwards bought the ruinous structure for £115, repaired it, and made it the London headquarters of the Methodist faith. Last year Cornish Methodists created a permanent memorial to John Wesley at Trewint, when the Rev. E. H. Hines dedicated the cottage where the preacher was given shelter by Digory Isbell.

ELEVEN "LOST" BOYS ARE FOUND AFTER AN EXTENSIVE AIR-SEA SEARCH OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST : The boys, who are on a "toughening-up" course at the Moray Sea School, are towed into Invergordon, Ross-shire, after being sought by aircraft, ships, lifeboatmen and coastguards. As part of their course, the eleven boys had set out from Burghead in their cutter to see the Navy in Cromarty Firth. When they did not return as expected, the great search began, and they were spotted by one of the aircraft.

ONE OF THE CITY OF LONDON'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN—THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FOR FOUR CONSECUTIVE SATURDAYS FROM MAY 12 : The opening on the Saturday before Whitsun was the first time for many years that the Stock Exchange had been on view to the public. Its opening has been arranged in conjunction with the activities of other organisations in the City during the Festival.

WAS THIS THE PALACE OF HEROD THE GREAT?

American Archæologists Make Important Discoveries in Jericho

It is known that the groves of Jericho, an area which blossoms abundantly in winter, producing every kind of fruit, were given by Antony to his beloved Cleopatra and, when they passed to Herod the Great, who received the patronage of Antony, he took up residence there and beautified the place. It is known also that on the fall of Antony Herod managed to secure a continuance of favour from Augustus, obtaining the title of King of Judæa, and that during the undisturbed part of his reign from 31 B.C. he indulged his love of magnificence in architecture.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that Herod the Great (73 B.C.—4 B.C.) was indeed the builder of the great palace of Jericho which has just been brought to light by Professor James B. Pritchard and his co-workers of the American Schools of Oriental Research.

Professor Pritchard declares that pottery and coins discovered in the Jericho diggings all point to the Herodian period, but he allows for the fact that the palace may possibly have been in part built by Archelaus, Herod's son, who ruled for ten years after him. In this connection Professor Pritchard quotes the historian, Josephus, who described the burning of Herod's palace and of its elaborate rebuilding in the reign of Archelaus. It is of significance that Professor Pritchard has found in the diggings evidence of burning and subsequent reconstruction.

The Roman palace was nowhere visible when excavation work began, but the American archæologists were able to trace some of the lines of the palace walls by the dried-up nature of tomato plants growing in the thin soil over the walls. This observation led to the excavation and subsequent discovery of the palace below a winter crop of tomatoes.

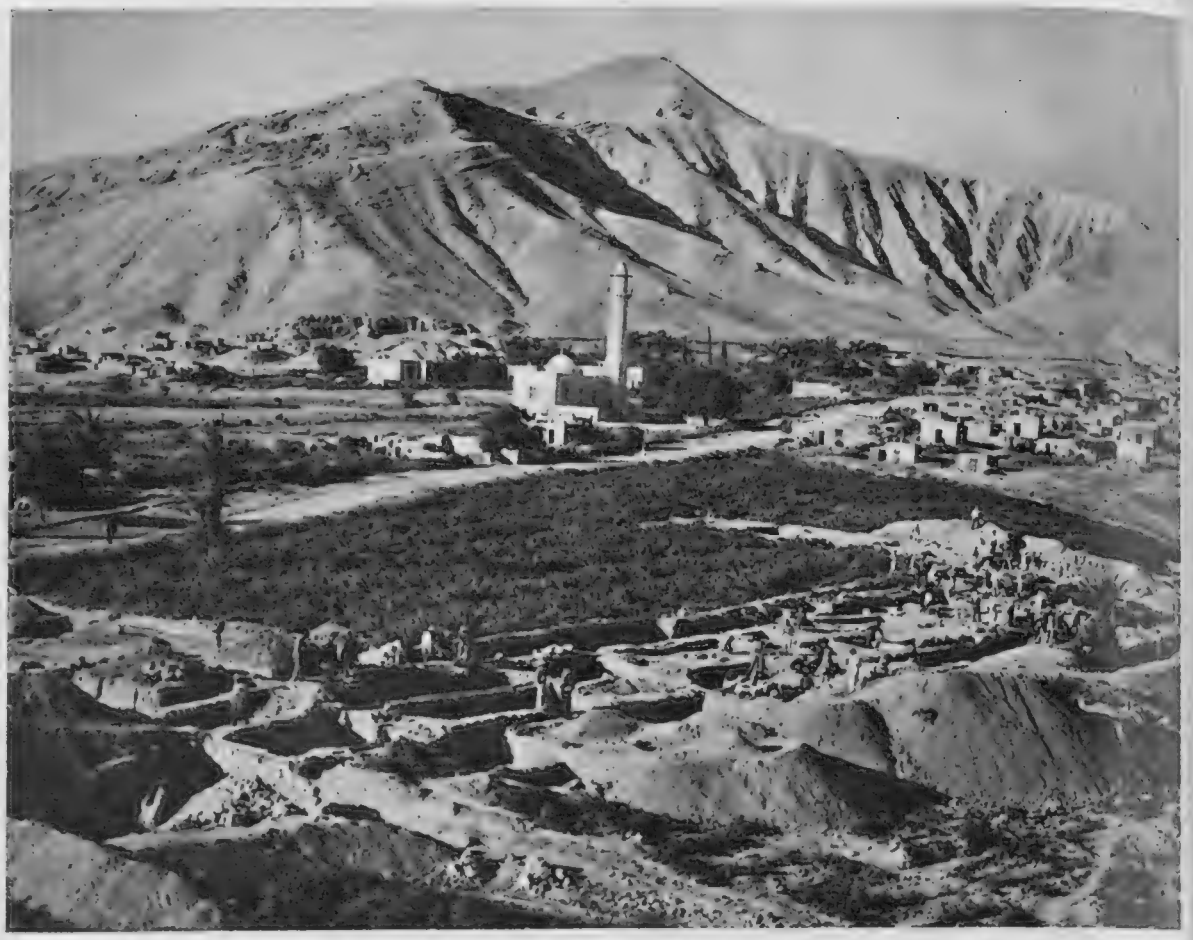
The entire area had been silted over to varying depths from an adjacent hill. Some of the walls were discovered only 2 ft. underground while the depth in other places was 5 to 6 ft.

The palace was a large, rectangular structure, measuring 284 by 152 ft., almost the size of a football field. It contained thirty-six rooms built around a colonnaded open court. The building was constructed of cut sandstone, which was plastered over and painted with brilliant colours. Only traces of the paint are now in evidence. Red predominates, although black and gold were also used to some extent.

The building was imposing in size and luxurious. There were elaborate baths—both hot and cold—and mosaic floors of artistic design. Wine jars, which had been imported from the islands of the Mediterranean, and more than 120 jugs for holding perfumed ointment have been found in the palace area.

The site was extensively occupied at about 3000 B.C., but had been abandoned for centuries until the Romans cut their foundations through the debris left by the earlier inhabitants. In the opinion of Professor Pritchard it was again occupied by the Arabs during the eighth century.

Professor Pritchard, who belongs to the Faculty of Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pennsylvania, has been assisted in the task at Jericho by Professor Fred V. Weinnett, University of Toronto; the Rev. Roland Murphy, of the Catholic University of America; Dr. Lucetta Mowry, Wellesley College; Dr. William Morton, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky; Dr. Douglas Tushingham, University of Chicago, and a group of eighty-five labourers recruited on the spot.



THE SITE OF THE LARGEST ANCIENT PALACE YET UNEARTHED IN PALESTINE: An overhead view of the diggings near Jericho, where archæologists of the American Schools of Oriental Research have discovered the remains of a luxury palace believed to have been built in the era of Herod the Great and containing thirty-six luxurious rooms and elaborate baths. Dying tomato plants in the thin soil over the walls led to the discovery of this Roman building measuring 284 ft. long and 152 ft. wide. Several fine mosaic floors have been found.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN BATH: This was brought to light in the northern part of the Roman palace which has been unearthed at Jericho. The baths had both hot and cold water. In the vicinity have been found the fragments of jugs and jars containing ointment.

RELICS OF THE HERODIAN AGE OF MAGNIFICENCE IN PALESTINE: *Left*—The bases of columns lining what was a small court in the ancient palace at Jericho. *Right*—Sandstone blocks adorned with an egg-and-dart moulding. Some of the walls of the palace have been found only 2 ft. underground. In other places they are 6 ft. underground, evidence of the fact that there has been unequal silting from the neighbouring hillsides. The palace lies just across the River Jordan from the winter residence at Shuneh of King Abdullah, ruler of the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, where British archæologists are going to work this year.

THE TRAGEDY of the "VALCOUR"

An American Seaplane Tender on Fire, and Other Disasters on the High Seas and in Estuaries

An erroneous report issued from the U.S. Navy Department at first indicated that there were thirty-six killed and missing when the U.S. seaplane tender *Valcour*, laden with high-test fuel, veered by accident into the path of the collier *Thomas Tracy* off the Virginian coast, the bows of the latter knifing into the tender's hull. The ships collided six miles off Cape Henry, in Hampton Roads, apparently as a result of the steering gear jamming in the *Valcour*, and, immediately after fire broke out in the seaplane tender, 150 members out of the augmented crew of 199 went overboard in order to save their lives. Owing to hasty estimates compiled by rescue ships, the roll of killed and missing was at first much exaggerated, and on the following day the Navy Department declared that there were two dead and three missing. A full naval court of inquiry into the disaster has been ordered by Vice-Admiral Ballentine, Commander of the Atlantic Fleet Air Wing, and within forty-eight hours the court convened at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.

One sailor was burned to death when the first searing blast of flame swept across the deck of the *Valcour*, and another was dead when picked up from the swift waters of Hampton Roads. Those who were cut off below decks when the fire broke out apparently found their way to safety, although a later inspection showed a completely blackened engine-room. The fire was brought under control two hours after the collision, but later it broke out afresh, and for a time it was feared that it would touch off the *Valcour's* magazine.

AFTER THE "VALCOUR" COLLISION: The United States seaplane tender *Valcour*, [1,695 tons, is seen (centre) following a collision with the collier, *homas Tracy*, off Cape Henry, Virginia, a disaster which resulted in *e* members of the crew of the *Valcour* being reported dead or missing. Navy salvage vessel (left) is playing water on to the blazing *Valcour*, nd the cutter *Cherokee* (right) is also standing by to give assistance.

WRE ED ON THE ROCKS OF RECULVER: Five people, including a six-year-old rl, escaped when this motor cabin cruiser, *Osiris*, was driven ashore Reculver, near Herne Bay. The 36-ft. boat was en route from Richmond Ramsgate, and developed engine trouble off the Kent coast. A strong ind drove the boat on to the rocks. After reaching the shore r. and Mrs. Clifford Frost, their daughter Angela, and two paid hands *Osiris* made their way along the shore to the nearest coastguard station.

AFTER THE "VALCOUR'S" STORE OF HIGH-TEST PETROL HAD ROARED INTO FLAME: The U.S. seaplane tender *Valcour* is seen (centre) when smoke was still pouring from below decks after the great fire which followed her collision with a collier off the Virginian coast. Many members of the *Valcour's* crew were for a while trapped by the flames below decks

THESE TWO SHIPS COLLIDED IN MID-STREAM IN THE DELAWARE RIVER: The bows of the *Trans-American*, which are seen to be heavily damaged, are projecting into the port side of the freighter *Antinous*. Following the collision the captains of the two ships did not disengage as the *Antinous* might have sunk through a sudden inrush of water.

THE LAST PHASE IN A THREE-WAY COLLISION: The American freighter *Andrew Jackson Higgins* seen after it had pushed 40 ft. into a wharf at New Orleans. Shortly before this, the *Andrew Jackson Higgins* had been rammed by another ship in mid-stream, and it was this that forced her so violently into the wharf. Only one person was injured.

GLOBE-TROTTERS :

Soldiers, Statesmen, and Others Who Have Been on Their Travels

1. MR. RICHARD STOKES IN AMERICA : The Lord Privy Seal seen on arrival in New York.

2. MR. STOKOWSKI IN ENGLAND : The celebrated conductor on the rostrum at the Albert Hall.

3. GENERAL EISENHOWER A GUEST OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND : The Supreme Commander seen with Queen Juliana at the Soestdijk Palace.

4. WILLI MESSERSCHMITT IN ZURICH : The famous aircraft-designer on his arrival in the Swiss city.

5. NOW COMMANDING IN ZONE "B," TRIESTE : Colonel Stamatovic, a wartime partisan with Tito.

6. THE RIDGWAY FAMILY IN TOKYO : The four-star General with Mrs. Ridgway and their son, Matthew, Jnr., at Haneda Airport.

Air travel has wrought a host of changes in international relations and in the lives of soldiers, statesmen and others who are liable to flit from country to country much faster than the public or the Press can really keep track of them. On this page are recorded some of last week's globe-trotters, most of them by air, starting with Mr. Stokes, who hopped over to Washington on a raw material fact-finding mission, and ending with Mrs. Ridgway, who joined her husband, now a four-star General, in the city of Tokyo.

1. The Lord Privy Seal on a Fact-Finding Mission.—Mr. Richard Stokes went to the United States, he said, not "to do any particular deal" but to inform himself on the raw material problem now besetting the world. Following his arrival by air in Washington, the Lord Privy Seal first saw Mr. Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, and then followed talks with Mr. Foster (Administrator of E.C.A.), Mr. Willard Thorp (Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs), Mr. Charles Wilson, Mr. Harriman, and Mr. Sawyer (the Secretary for Commerce). At a Press conference Mr. Stokes had to answer a battery of questions on Persian oil, and wisely enough at a moment of such tension, he dealt non-committally with the barrage.

2. Leopold Stokowski at the Albert Hall.—This London-born musician of Polish extraction, now an American citizen, at one time a student of the Royal College of Music and subsequently organist of St. James's, Piccadilly, left it until last week to repair an omission in his distinguished career—in fact, to make his London debut as an orchestral leader. This was at one of the special Festival Concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society at the Albert Hall. Stokowski did not win a complete chorus of praise from the critics, and some were inclined to rate him for his feats of interpretation, in extracting from a composer's music more than it is known to contain. Most were agreed, however, that here was an enlargement of experience, notably in his superb rendering of a trifle by Villa Lobos, and the "burning vitality" of this conductor certainly did not escape attention. Declared Mr. Scott Goddard in the *News Chronicle*: "He still nurses the trumpets, but now he gives the impression that it is only the orchestral brass which interests him." F. A., of the *Sunday Times*, wrote: "Of his power over an orchestra he left no doubt; he draws from it what he wills."

3. Eisenhower on His Travels.—Europe's Supreme Military Commander, who is now revisiting many of the countries within his great hegemony, was recently a guest of Queen Juliana at the Soestdijk Palace in Amsterdam. The General is at the same time building up his headquarters on the outskirts of Versailles, but only a limited number of appointments have so far been made known.

4. He Made the Fastest Aircraft of World War II.—Wilhelm Messerschmitt, German aircraft-designing genius, has been paying a visit to Switzerland, and this picture was taken on his arrival by air at Zurich. Messerschmitt looks less than his fifty-two years. It was in 1923 that he founded his own manufacturing company at Augsburg, but it was not until the advent of the Nazi Party that his designing genius was allowed full expression. In 1937 he was elected a member of Hitler's war council, and in 1939 a racing version of his ME 109, which had flown in the Spanish Civil War, reached the then record speed of 481 m.p.h. His rocket-propelled ME 163, the fastest aircraft of the war, attained over 550 m.p.h. His 262 twin-engined fighter was another successful German jet-propelled machine. Little is known of Messerschmitt's future plans.

5. New Broom in Trieste?—Colonel Milos Stamatovic, aged thirty-seven, a colleague of Marshal Tito in the days of the partisan war against the Germans, has just assumed command of the Yugoslav troops stationed in Zone "B" of the Trieste Area Free Territory. Zone "A" is occupied by an Anglo-American force. With his arrival, the Yugoslav "People's Front" in the Free Territory, which is believed to be closely linked with Belgrade official thought, has once again changed its attitude towards the Trieste problem and is now demanding the application of the Italian peace treaty and the unification of the territory's two zones. Last year the Front announced that it had become obvious that the peace treaty was unworkable and called for direct Italo-Yugoslav negotiations to solve the Trieste problem. The latest announcement, incorporated in the Front's electoral programme, came as a complete surprise.

6. Ridgway Reunion in Tokyo.—General Matthew B. Ridgway, America's new Supreme Commander in the Far East and now a four-star General by Senate decree, went down to Haneda Airport last week to greet the arrival of Mrs. Ridgway and their son. Later the General reviewed a detachment of W.A.C.S. in honour of the ninth birthday of the Women's Army Corps. Mrs. Ridgway appeared on the dais in the Imperial Plaza Grounds, and according to a *New York Times* reporter, "she stole the show." This was her first public appearance in Tokyo.

SHAKESPEARE GRAVE AND GAY

At the New Theatre and in Regent's Park; and Other Festival Entertainment

"THE DREAM" IN A SYLVAN SETTING: The eighteenth consecutive season of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park opens with Robert Atkins' production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which will run for at least two months. Shakespeare's fantasy has always been one of the most popular open-air productions, and Regent's Park provides a fair representation of the "wood near Athens." Leslie French is Puck and ballet-dancer Prudence Hymen, Titania.

A NEW OPHELIA: Twenty-one-year-old Ingrid Burke plays opposite Alec Guinness in his *Hamlet* at the New Theatre. This young actress had repertory experience before coming to the West End, acting at Windsor and Birmingham. She has been on tour with the Young Vic Company and played at the Lyric, Hammersmith, last year. Her Elizabethan costume was designed by the Spanish artist Mariano Andrev, who was also responsible for the décor.

THREE SISTERS AT A PARTY: Irina (Renée Asherson) has a birthday gift of a samovar from the old Army doctor (Harcourt Williams). In the centre background is Celia Johnson as Olga, and on the right are Margaret Leighton as Masha and Robert Beaumont as The Baron. Chekov's *Three Sisters*, at the Aldwych Theatre, is the second of Tennant Productions' star-studded Festival plays. The last important production of the play was in 1937, when John Gielgud played the part of Lieut.-Colonel Vershinin now taken by Sir Ralph Richardson.

BRIDGET D'OYLY CARTE: Daughter of the late Rupert D'Oyly Carte, she is now proprietor of the company, which is back at the Savoy Theatre for the first time since before the war. Miss D'Oyly Carte keeps as strict a watch on the productions as did her father and grandfather. She has said that she will do all in her power to keep alive the traditions established by them. "This really is a case," she said, "where what was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me." Rupert D'Oyly Carte left her most of his £262,000 estate and the copyrights of the company founded by his father 75 years ago.

MASHA AND THE COLONEL: Sir Ralph Richardson as Colonel Vershinin, the new Commander of the Battery, falls in love with Masha (Margaret Leighton), the sister who is married to the ineffective schoolmaster, Kouliguin.

SISTERS-IN-LAW: Diana Churchill as Natasha and Celia Johnson. Natasha, in marrying Andrey, brother of the three sisters, has taken a step up the social ladder and provides one more reason for their wish to go to Moscow.

On left—**THREE SISTERS.** Chekov's play of atmosphere, *Three Sisters*, is one of the most typical of the classic Russian plays known to English audiences. In this Festival production at the Aldwych Theatre, its cast is rich in star names. Sir Ralph Richardson is the Colonel of the Battery which has brought renewed social life to the little provincial town where live the three sisters with their brother Andrey (Michael Warre). Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton and Renee Asherson play the three who yearn for the imagined joys of Moscow, and Walter Hudd is the self-satisfied schoolmaster who has married Masha. Andrey marries the shrewish Natasha (Diana Churchill) and so brings a jarring note into the quieter melancholy of the opening of the play. Peter Ashmore has produced the play, a new adaptation by himself and Mary Britnieva.

New Lamps and Old

MUSEUM FEVER IN ENGLAND

Some Thoughts on a New Aspect of National Life

By JOHN GORE

ENGLAND—A MUSEUM.—Before it is altogether too late, let us all—officials and ordinary folk—seriously perpend and discover what we really feel about the present *museum fever*, which is rapidly turning England into one vast museum, a chain, a rash, an island wen of overlapping "birthplaces," shrines, ruins, stately-home peepshows, historic façades, poets' corners, cultural and historical exhibits, a country of Dead Yesterdays, a national memorial to past greatness. The Gowers Report had something to say about the awful difference between a stately home-in-being as a family residence and one, like Montacute, which to-day echoes only the sing-song of a guide and the "ows" and titters of the tourist—beautiful in death, but dead and chill and empty as a vault. The Gower's Report, if not dead, as such reports usually become within a year or two of publication, is likely to receive very partial and long-deferred implementation. The impulse to museumise England is very much alive, and it has been fed, as with petrol, by the uncontrollable urge to gather in dollars in Festival Year.

This gold hunger has caught every class: the duke, the minister, the squire and the parish clerk. The money is needed, God knows, if the nobleman and the squire are to keep a foothold, a *pied-à-terre*, in stately home or moated manor-house, and necessity perhaps knows no moderation. But I believe this view is too short. For every new museum or peepshow we create must weaken the appeal of those last created, and reduce the number of "lions who will eat the Christians." If you have one shrine in a village, the village may benefit financially (though not in amenity) for some time, while the peepshow is newly publicised. If it have four shrines within walking distance, not one of the four will long make an economic proposition out of its opening. When England is one continuous shrine, shrines will be cheapened and soon cease to attract. We are, I believe, ruining ourselves for a quick profit in a single year; and even Festival Year will pass and be forgotten all too soon; but the museums and exhibits which it called forth will be for much longer an embarrassment.

Is it already too late for us to examine this economic problem from a different angle, perhaps on a longer view? Is it good *business* for England to accept and accelerate the status of a Pompeii? It may pay in a festival year, but will it sell our manufactures the year after? A museum is very interesting to antiquarians and can be made vivid and lively for minds which delight in the past, but it is usually a memorial to the dead, and to be dead is—commercially—to be disregarded.

Queen Elizabeth Slept Here.—The placard "Queen Elizabeth slept here in 1578" may draw the tourists' shillings for a time, but, on the long view, would it not pay better dividends, if we could contrive that a select few of our stately homes should so remain in being that another Queen Elizabeth might sleep there in 1958? Obviously there must be selection, drastic and heartrending, but most people would agree that our national culture and stability would be better in evidence if we could show ten stately homes still in being for the purposes for which they were designed, rather than a hundred mausoleums which merely reflect a vanished grace and splendour.

But that is not the whole story, nor indeed a vital chapter. The present museum fever is creating in us all a passion for relics to the exclusion of our interest in and appreciation of the genius and lives of the great folk we commemorate, even of the creators of the shrines and buildings and works of art which we museumise. We would rather touch Tennyson's last pipe than read his lyrics. We prefer to gape at Anne Hathaway's bogus cottage than read Shakespeare. The best memorial to a literary man is his published work, to a great artist his pictures. The bed he died in and the last pipe he smoked are exhibits for nit-wits, if that great truth is totally disregarded. There must be moderation in all things, even in museums.

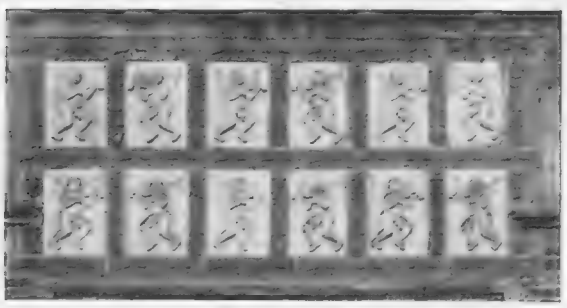
Take a very modest example: I delighted to hear a few years ago that the cottage at Chawton where Jane Austen wrote the best part of her work, had been rescued. There is much to learn from its very humble proportions and limitations and from its country setting about the nature and life of a great artist of whom so very little is known. At the moment her shrine is confined practically to one little living-room, and there is every reason why that little room should be *gradually* refurnished with fabrics and furniture of her day, and every reason why first choice should fall on articles which she is known to have used, lived with and handled. That at least proves them to be genuine period pieces. But I deprecate (even for Festival Year) filling the little room too quickly and too *obliquely*. Her writing desk, yes. It was part of her stock-in-trade. A lock of her hair, perhaps, if you are interested in hair, dead or alive. But a garment made for amateur theatrical, and "*perhaps worn*" by Jane Austen's cousin or sister-in-law, *that* I think is cluttering up the little room and an example of museum fever; and so, too, are photographs of a house which she once visited and of a carriage belonging to that house. Chawton Cottage is in excellent hands, and will become an attractive little centre for Janeite culture, if it is not cluttered up with irrelevance. It will never be a Shaw's Corner.

"This is England—that was."—But "Shaw's corners" raise yet another problem. As I have recently ventilated elsewhere, the village shrine is not every villager's delight. The latest publicised peepshow, be it ducal mansion or wizard's cave, draws the motor-coaches and their contents, including litter, to some peaceful Auburn where live a few wise folk who really dislike the sound of the grinding of modern life and genuinely detest crowds and queues and greasy cartons and broken bottles and car parks in their lanes and on their greens. They are a minority, no doubt, but we boast in England of respecting minority views. A "birthplace" may soon be regarded as bad a neighbour as a Harwell or an airport. Moderation in policy or fashion is indeed no more than toleration for minority opinion, and I hope that we may yet escape a very widespread and severe attack of this museum fever.

We were once at any rate very much alive, politically and commercially. Our Pitts and our Palmerstons, our Churchills and our Clives, our Liptons and our Stephensons, rumbled across the world. If you put us no higher than a nation of decaying shopkeepers, it will be bad for our surviving trade if visitors at Dover are compelled to take their hats off on the gangway on reading the legend: "We regret to inform visitors that Queen Anne is *dead*." For my part, I am very fond of museums and of partridge. But . . . *toujours perdrix*, no.

And there are many "natives" besides those who live permanently in Ayot or Widecombe who feel that museums are all very well in moderation and in their place, so only that place be not on our own doorstep. We don't want to live our lives among the tombstones nor to attract the bodysnatchers to our once crime-free and peaceful villages. In short, we are that small minority which still regards a writer's published works as the best memorial to his genius and the bed he died in or the house in which he may (or may not) have been born of no particular interest apart from their intrinsic merits as works of art. We want our England and our British worthies to remain *living forces* through their work and their works. We are all against mausoleum-izing the one or the others. Who lives if England die?

SUTTON PLACE, A FAMED TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, WHICH IS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC TO PROVIDE FUNDS FOR ITS OWN MAINTENANCE: Sutton Place lies between Guildford and Woking. It was built between 1520 and 1530 by Sir Richard Weston. His son, one of the reputed lovers of Anne Boleyn, was executed on Tower Hill in 1536. This fine example of a Tudor manor, set in a lovely rural scene, is now the home of the Duke of Sutherland, and for some years before that it was occupied by Lord Northcliffe. The greater part of its long history, however, has been associated with the Weston family and their descendants, and the Westons' emblem of a tun or barrel appears frequently in terra-cotta on the building. The builder of Sutton Place, Sir Richard Weston, was a trusted servant of Henry VIII, and it is an extraordinary fact that despite the execution of his son, Francis, as one of the reputed lovers of Anne Boleyn, his grandson should have entertained at Sutton Place Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn. What discussion took place between the Queen and the son of her mother's lover remains just one of the fascinating speculations of history. As originally built, Sutton Place was a quadrangle. The northern side, which had a central tower, was burnt down, however, in the very early days of the mansion and it was never rebuilt. The most outstanding apartment is the lofty hall, with minstrel galleries dominating each end of it.



THE ORNAMENTATIONS OVER THE NORTH ENTRANCE OF SUTTON PLACE: These twelve panels of Cupid are worked in terra-cotta, a type of ornamentation used effectively in many parts of this mansion.

THE GREAT HALL OF SUTTON PLACE, HOME OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND: It is lit by fourteen windows, with ninety-two separate lights, all of which are adorned with very fine heraldic glass.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CANARIS, AGENT OF THE BRITISH?

Ian Colvin Investigates the Extraordinary Story of Germany's War-time Chief of Intelligence

BOOKS about spies can scarcely fail to make good reading, whether they be fact or fiction. Indeed, in the dim recesses in which the arts and crafts of espionage are exercised, it might sometimes baffle the expert to discover the line of demarcation between fact and fiction. Nearly always in these adventurous and sometimes hair-raising accounts, there is a powerful and mysterious figure at the head of affairs, usually designated by a letter of the alphabet, with extraordinary powers over the life and death of his opponents and sometimes of his own people, and who seems to be possessed of almost superhuman gifts in analysing the minds and motives of men.

It might, therefore, startle even the most hardened addict of this type of literature, to find that CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE, by Ian Colvin (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), is no less than the notorious Admiral Canaris, who was the German Chief of Intelligence before and during the last war. Even more startling is Mr. Colvin's suggestion that this most powerful man among our enemies might himself have been a British agent.

We all know that spies must be experts at double-crossing, and that it is more than often necessary for them to pretend to be what they are not. Canaris was murdered by his Nazi masters because of his alleged complicity in the plot to kill Hitler. If there is a scintilla of truth in Mr. Colvin's revelations, he should have met his fate many years before, because the author seeks to prove that it was Canaris who was tipping off the Allies, and particularly this country, to every major move in the German strategy. Perhaps the most effective of his alleged actions on our behalf was actively to assist Franco in his resistance to the German plan to cross the Iberian peninsula and seize Gibraltar. On the other hand, it was his organisation which, by planting a valet on the British Ambassador in Turkey, gained access to all the Allies' plans for the Normandy landings in the now notorious "Operation Cicero."

Mr. Colvin's story appears to be the result of much painstaking and careful investigation. It is well-documented, and presented in a lively manner. But we shall never know if, in fact, Canaris was a British agent, for nobody in our lifetime is ever likely to give that one away.

Not long after these words appear in print, the King will be laying the foundation-stone of the National Theatre on the site of the South Bank Exhibition approximately where the Shot Tower at present stands. Appropriately there is now published the story of the coming into being of what was once described as this "rather eccentric idea." In THE MAKING OF A NATIONAL THEATRE, by Geoffrey Whitworth (Faber. 25s.), it is told, as it should be, by the founder of the British Drama League, who most appositely explains that the roots of the movement go right back to ancient Greece.

Considering the British predilection for the non-encouragement of the arts, and the various interests, entrenched and otherwise, which, over the years have opposed this idea, it must have been with considerable satisfaction that its protagonists listened to the House of Commons debate in January 1949, when the Bill allocating £1,000,000 of the tax-payers' money to the project was passed without a division. It is significant that, on that occasion, the only dissenting voice came from a member from a Manchester constituency, who objected to the site of it being in London. Nobody interested in the theatre can fail to enjoy Mr. Whitworth's succinct but lively account of it all. But one reader at least could have wished that he had found even a small paragraph to mention Mr. Somerset Maugham's magnificent gift to the National Theatre of his unique collection of theatrical pictures.

Now for the most unusual and in some ways the most notable book of the week, a book to be read slowly and appreciatively if it is to be tackled at all. CONGO EDEN (Gollancz. 18s.) is an expert's book, but its reading need by no means be confined to experts, for Mrs. Mary Akeley writes with that unpatronising simplicity that is the hall-mark of the true scholar and, in her case, the true pioneer as well. In 1926, with her husband, Carl Akeley, Mrs. Akeley had visited the Belgian Congo and had been responsible with him for setting up a chain of fabulous bird and beast sanctuaries in the heart of the wildest of African country. Twenty years later she was invited to return by the authorities of the Belgian National Parks, to make a pilgrimage to her husband's grave, and to see and describe the fresh wonders of the gorilla country. This book is a record of that journey, and it is as impressive as it is exciting.

PRESENTING A PLAY IN A LONDON CHURCH: Christopher Fry (second from left), the playwright, with Hugh Pryse (left), Stanley Baker, Leonard White, and Denholm Elliott, who play the parts of the four soldiers, all prisoners of war, in Fry's new play, *A Sleep of Prisoners*, which is being given in St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street. This poetic drama deals with the conflict of personality between men of widely differing character. It is presented by the Pilgrim Players.

Mr. Charles Humana has written a novel of perception, of irony and of great sympathy in THE HOUSE AND THE FORT (Hogarth Press. 9s. 6d.). It is the tale of two conflicts; one, between the forces of war and reconstruction, as typified by the commander of a gun battery and the farmer whose buildings have been destroyed; and the second, between the two desires of a British deserter, who wants to go back to England and his girl and yet is becoming more and more attached to the Italian family who are sheltering him. This is a novel out of the ordinary.

GUESTS OF DON LORENZO (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is a long and, in the main, an effective novel about a man and his ambition, the force that successively bears him up and leads him to destruction. It might, in fact, be called a moral tale, though the literary fashion is scarcely in favour of such labels nowadays. Mr. Robert Pick tells the story of his South American with more force than grace, and there is an occasional clumsiness of expression like: "The superficial gratifications swaying him throughout the past weeks had not fully destroyed Lorenzo's wonderment at the proud course his career had taken." But the story is often better than its telling, and I found much merit in it.

In Mr. Robert Neill's first novel, MIST OVER PENDLE (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), witches and warlocks fly and skitter through the pages, and there are constant choruses and rumours of other-worldly evil. It is to his credit both as a story-teller and a stylist, that the book has so solid a basis of interest, and none of the whimsy that the subject might have suggested. The scene is Lancashire, and the time the early seventeenth century when the laws against witchcraft were as savage as their application, and when even the cool and the reasonable might claim without fear of mockery that some crimes and misadventures were due to nothing more concrete than a witch's spell.

Ghoulies and ghosties and long-legged beasties in the shape of phoney mediums haunt the pages of Winifred Peck's new novel, UNSEEN ARRAY (Faber. 10s. 6d.), which is written in her usual style of cool consideration and lack of emphasis, although the subject in this case could truthfully be called a melodramatic one. An old Scottish place, half-ruined castle, half equally uncomfortable dwelling-house, has the reputation of being haunted, and that reputation is given colour by the activities of the caretakers' half-witted daughter. To this rather melancholy community come a number of people, including a suspect medium, a fluttery hostess, and a hard-headed business man. Eventually, too, the owner, a frail but authoritative old lady, who unveils as complicated a family past as the most hard-working novelist could invent. Lady Peck's story may not charm us to a tear, but it does present a very workmanlike compromise between the supernatural—as explained naturally, and the normal, as expressed by a believable group of human beings.

"Let us now praise famous technicians," I murmured to myself as I finished the last page of OPENING NIGHT (Crime Club. 9s. 6d.), for this is the latest work by Miss Ngaio Marsh, and that lady is an exquisite technician if ever I recognised one. For those who think there may be something arid about technique, and grudging about using it as a term of praise, I would say that, first of all, such is not the case and, secondly, that readers should pause to reflect how much of their enjoyment and how much of the ease of their reading is caused by the intelligent exercise of what the best of dictionaries calls the mechanical or formal part of an art. Miss Marsh's present novel is readable to a hypnotic degree, it is fun, it is wittily observed and set down, and it is audacious in the sense that the author has deliberately used the same ingenious device for murder as in an earlier success.

I have heard of parties which guests were reluctant to leave for fear of being the first to have their character torn to pieces by the remaining company, but the principal personage in Diana Gaines' novel, TASKER MARTIN (W. H. Allen. 10s. 6d.), suffers an even worse fate, for, after he has attended a party early in the story, the rest of the guests set about finding out all that they can about him in order to satisfy their own curiosity and, presumably, furnish the author with a full-length novel, written in the familiar cinema, flash-back way and, as it were, at the top of its voice.

THE LONDON TO BE

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Before the embers of the Great Fire of London had cooled, Sir Christopher Wren, as virtual Surveyor-General of the City of London, felt that it was his duty to prepare a scheme for the rebuilding of the Metropolis. The fire had raged from September 2 to September 8, 1666. On the 12th of the same month the indefatigable Sir Christopher laid before King Charles a sketch-plan of his design, and Evelyn (who had a very similar plan of his own), records with what general approval it was received. Wren's plan was a magnificent one. He visualised a truly spacious city, and if he had been given the chance he would have achieved it. But the plan demanded very great sacrifices of present interest for the sake of future benefit, and the result was that other men's greed led to the shelving of the great scheme. Now, over 280 years later, once again comes the chance to rebuild a new and finer City of London and to rebuild it round Wren's masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral. The creators of the new plan are Professor Graham Holford and Dr. C. H. Holden, who have spent many months upon the task, but, just as in Wren's day, the issue does not lie with them; it lies with the big commercial interests of the City of London. It is good to know that these commercial interests are facing the test in which the City fathers of Wren's day failed so lamentably and appear to be emerging with credit. In THE CITY OF LONDON: A RECORD OF DESTRUCTION AND SURVIVAL (Architectural Press. 25s.), the Town Planning Committee of the Corporation of London present in one handsomely-produced volume the past, present and future of the City, skilfully woven into one picture. One section of the book is a well-illustrated history of the City, while another section is devoted to the Holden-Holford Report. The six declaratory areas over which the City Corporation has acquired powers of compulsory purchase, corresponding roughly to the areas of greatest destruction, are described and mapped. A remarkable series of photographs provides a moving record of the devastated landscape of the City. Altogether this is a most inspiring volume, presenting a wonderful picture of the well-loved City, past and present, that strange agglomeration of the monumental and the intimate, and of what it may become in the years ahead.

Patrick Howarth has sought to make history stand still in one particular year, and, needless to say, makes the appropriate choice of 1851, when the Great Exhibition brought people flocking to London to see the marvels of the Crystal Palace, Paxton's great pavilion which rose majestically upon the higher ground in Hyde Park, a witness to an age of abounding prosperity. Mr. Howarth calls his book THE YEAR IS 1851 (Collins. 18s.). It is written with dash, brilliance and humour, depicting a time of startling contrasts, when a man could make a fortune from writing poetry, when incomes of £70,000 a year were by no means unknown and yet a furnished room could be hired for 4s. a week. In 1851 oysters were four a penny, beer was 1½d. a pint, coal was 18s. per ton, and bloomers were a new fashion. The chapter on how the Great Exhibition was organised and on the bitter opposition which it first aroused, later turning to a chorus of praise, is most revealing.

Hugo Dewar, in ASSASSINS AT LARGE (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), has produced an anti-Stalinist document dealing with executions inside and outside Russia in which the G.P.U. played its usual sinister part It is an enlightening volume, and the facts no doubt have entailed much research, but it is a drab record for all its significance, and hard to believe that it will make a wide appeal even to the politically-minded. Much of this legalised murder, it appears, dates back to 1934 when Sergei Kirov (Stalin's destined successor, it was said in those days), was assassinated by Leonid Nikolaev. That liquidation, it seems, was a prelude to the tremendous purgings of later years

In THE ART OF GRAHAM GREENE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), Kenneth Allott and Miriam Farris have attempted an assessment of the work of one of our major modern novelists. Here again is a product of some careful research over a long period, but this is of a rewarding character, for Graham Greene, who probes so deeply into the problems of the human heart, is better understood when we know something of the impact on his mind of a first reading of Marjorie Bowen's *The Viper of Milan*, a novel, we are told, which revealed to him for the first time "the sense of doom that lies over success," something of the circumstances of his unhappy childhood, of the obsessional terror of life which belonged to his schooldays. This is a book which future biographers of Graham Greene will not be able to ignore.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERS arranged by Constance Spry (Dent. 21s.) is a charming new volume on flower arrangements. The colour-plates suffer from over-emphasis, but this in no way detracts from some of the admirable ideas in arrangement which the volume expresses

A GUIDE TO THE FISHING INNS OF SCOTLAND, compiled by R. Cromboe Saunders (Nicholas Kaye. 9s. 6d.), is one of those purely factual little volumes which will appeal essentially to the motorist and/or fisherman.

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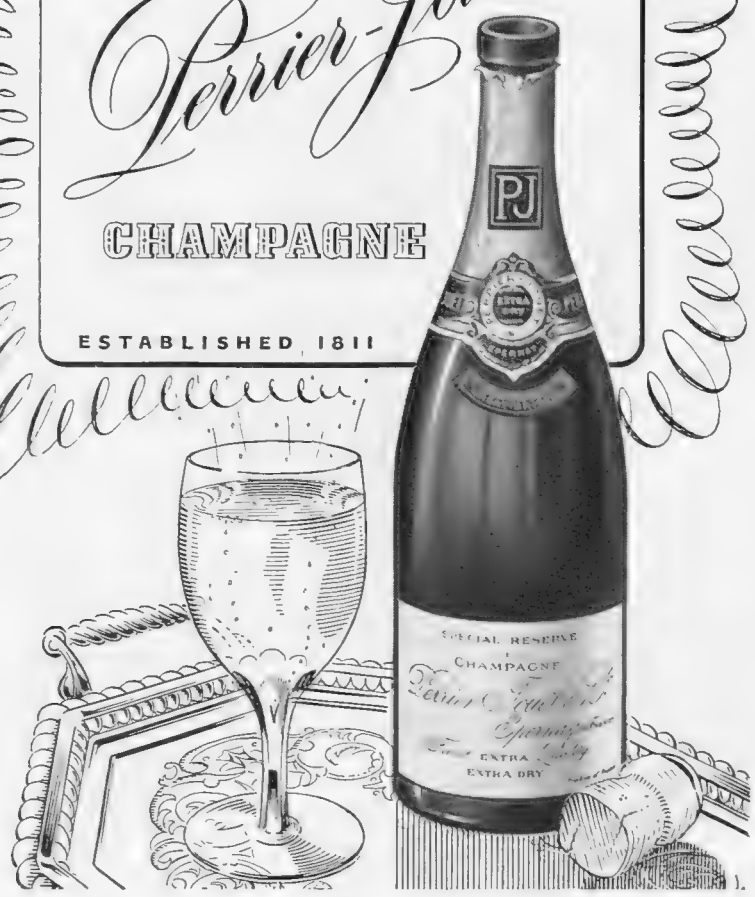

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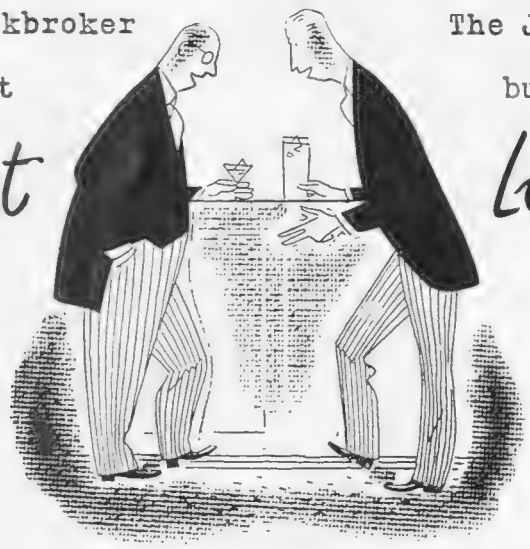

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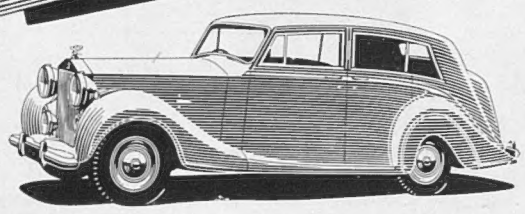

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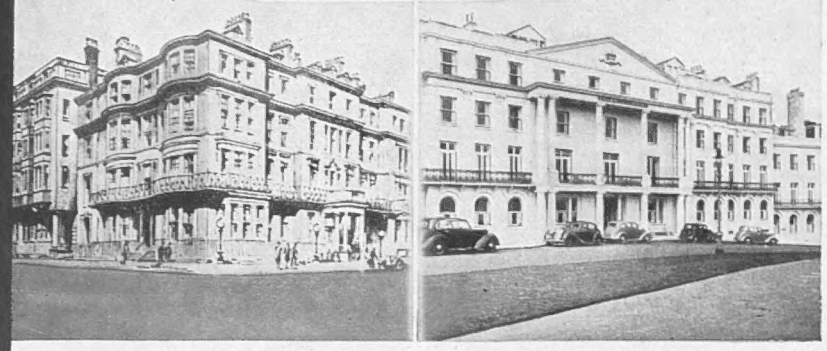

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MARY
QUEEN OF SCOTS

A portrait painted by an unknown artist during her imprisonment in Loch Leven Castle and subsequently presented by her to her deliverer George Douglas.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY BY

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